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New Statesman

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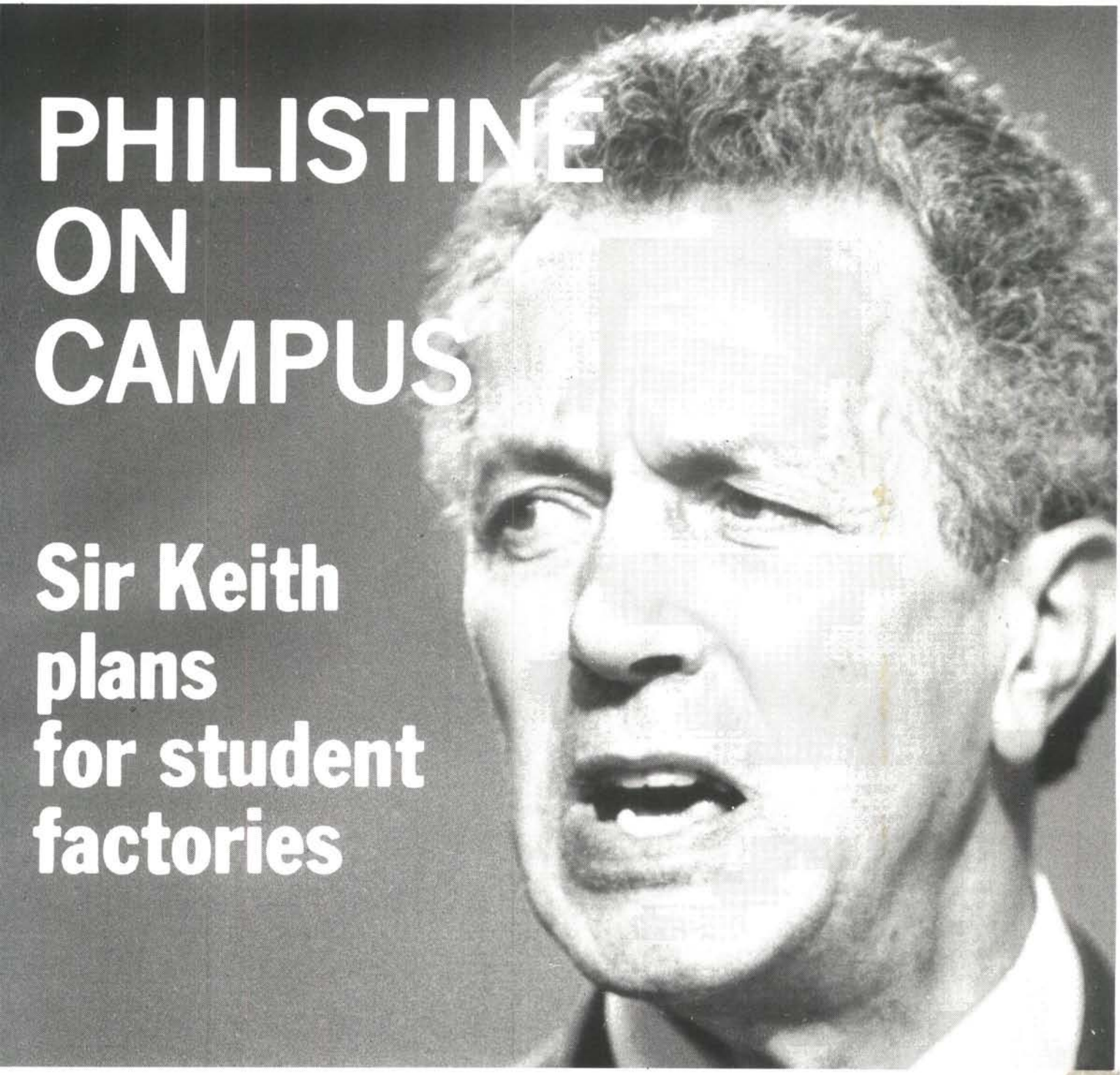

PHILISTINE ON CAMPUS

Sir Keith plans for student factories

JOHN McILROY: Militant on the run

STEPHANIE JORDAN: Navel-gazing at the Royal Ballet

MARY KALDOR: Gorbachev's fake offer

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WILL THE LONDON UNDERGROUND SINK TO THE DEPTHS OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY?

The New York subway system has been known for violent crime for years.

But even this dangerous environment became dramatically more violent when the New York Transit Authority cut back on subway staff.

Muggers, rapists, arsonists (as well as graffiti artists) all saw the absence of station staff as an open invitation to step up their activities.

And quite suddenly, crime on the subway was rising faster than in any other part of the city.

The same thing happened when they reduced staff on the Paris Metro.

More robberies, more assaults and more passengers choosing alternative forms of transport.

The London Underground is not as violent as the New York subway or even the Paris Metro. Not yet, anyway.

But there has been an unprecedented increase in crime on the Underground in recent years.

Muggings have doubled in five years and they shot up by sixty per cent in 1984 alone.

Not really the moment, you might think, for London Regional Transport to announce a cut-back on station staff.

Yet that is exactly what they have done.

Like their counterparts in New York and Paris they hope to save money.

But, just like the New York and Paris authorities, they have forgotten to add in the cost of more vandalism and fewer passengers. And the broader cost to the community of increased violence.

So before we reduce staff on our Underground system, shouldn't someone tell London Regional Transport to look a bit deeper into the matter?

CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LONDON'S TRANSPORT SYSTEMS, WRITE TO CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN, HEADLAND HOUSE, 308 GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON, WC1X 8DP.

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New Statesman

Cover photo: Chris Davies/Network

The sack of academe
Chief philistine Keith Joseph wants to draw up a balance sheet of academia's contribution to the economy. PAUL FLATHER investigates 10

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NEXT WEEK

THE RAIN KINGS

The spirit mediums, religious leaders of the Shona, gave crucial support to the guerilla war to liberate Zimbabwe. Anthropologist DAVID LAN gives an unusual account of the resistance from the point of view of ordinary people

TOM WAITS

GEOFF DYER listens to Tom Waits in Edinburgh; the singer will be in London from 16-24 October

OFFENDING

Everyone knows mentally ill people shouldn't be in prisons. But they are. And, as MELISSA BENN reports, treatment for them is crude

BEER WARS

Australia's Fosters lager is bidding for Brit brewing giant Allied. ROGER PROTZ reports on the concentration of capital and the weakening of the beer

New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2846 11 October 1985

We are reaping Thatcher's whirlwind

WHEN MRS THATCHER became Prime Minister in May 1979 she read us from the pavement outside No.10 those words usually, though probably wrongly, attributed to St Francis of Assissi. (From the same spot she was to call on us to Rejoice! at the recapture of South Georgia in 1982.)

'Where there is discord, may we bring harmony... where there is despair, may we bring hope'. That was the chosen image for her impending government. The reality, six years later, is very different — 3.3 million unemployed (even on the government's own massaged figures); St Paul's, Moss Side, Notting Hill Gate, Toxteth, Handsworth, Brixton, Tottenham. In short she has national discord at a level not experienced since the General Strike and a level of social and economic despair that was not reached even during the Great Depression.

It is important to fasten on this central aspect of the record of Thatcherism. For when urban violence reaches current levels, when a policeman protecting firemen in action is hacked and stabbed to death, there is a perfectly understandable reaction on the part of the majority that law and order must be restored. A climate is created in which the use of CS gas and rubber bullets and the militarisation of the police can be made to seem necessary to public opinion.

The Tory government, as it has this week in Blackpool, uses the evident social breakdown that is occuring in our deprived urban centres to justify further repressive and authoritarian policies in order to protect the rights and property of 'innocent citizens'. In doing so it positively encourages the agents of the State to act in ways that are even more provocative to those involved in riot. The interaction is entirely circular.

The central point is this. If in 1979 it had been predicted that this country was going to be subjected to six years of a government that washed its hands as unemployment rose to the highest levels ever recorded, that cut the real levels of support for the Welfare State in order to finance tax concessions to the rich, that declared war on the services provided by local authorities, that declined to do anything serious about the problems of inner city blight, that starved the education service of resources, whose only message to the cohorts of school leavers who have never had a sniff of a regular job was to get off their backsides and onto their bikes, that refused to contemplate positive discrimination in favour of disadvantaged ethnic minorities — if such predictions had been made, it would not have been difficult to forecast accurately that by the mid-1980s there would be social alienation and a breakdown of law and order on a scale that we have not seen in this country since the early years of this century.

We have had such a government. Now we are reaping its whirlwind. Quite as bad as the objective realities of the poverty and squalor into which Thatcher's Britain has drifted over the last six years is the psychological climate that has been deliberately created. That climate is one of pervading hopelessness for all those excluded from the offensive bonanza that has been offered to those who have been invited to cash in on the inducements being offered by this government in order to produce what it calls an enterprise

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culture. This government has proclaimed the message that the rich need to be allowed to become richer and the poor poorer.

THESE URBAN riots, taken with the events during the miners' strike, underline the great crisis in which British policing now finds itself. It is sometimes presented as if this crisis was somehow caused by political conflict between the Left in all its political and industrial manifestations and the police as the agents of an authoritarian State. But this is not and ought not to be true.

The crisis has arisen because the role of the police has developed over the last twenty years in an ad hoc way which today means that they are effectively accountable to no one and are certainly not accountable to any democratically elected person or authority. No body exercising power on the scale of the police should be allowed to operate in such a void.

In practice, without the issues and implications involved having been discussed, we have made huge steps in England in the direction of creating a national police service. Yet that police service is not even nominally accountable to Parliament. Its individual elements certainly decline to hold themselves accountable to the local authorities who raise the rates that finance the police.

Even the Metropolitan Police, which at least nominally comes under the Home Secretary, operates in effect on a largely autonomous basis. It was not the Home Secretary, but Sir Kenneth Newman, the Met's Commissioner, who this week announced a major change in policy for policing the nation's capital by saying that he would not hesitate to authorise the use of CS gas and rubber bullets, if he thought it necessary. Douglas Hurd's role, as the minister nominally responsible to Parliament for London's policing, was rather lamely to endorse Newman's decision after the event — a decision (and a bad one at that) which had not been publicly discussed in any political context.

These things might be less urgently important if we did not now have a general breakdown in confidence between the police on the one hand and the young, the unemployed and many other sections of the population on the other. This is quite clearly not a breakdown along a colour line, though as a disproportionate number of the young unemployed are black an unavoidable racial element has entered the current rioting.

In every recent case, the spark that has lit the tinder has been some act of crassly insensitive policing. Unless, in her attachment to Victorian values, Mrs Thatcher intends our urban police to revert to their original nineteenth century role of simply protecting the middle classes from the mob, fundamental debate about the future structure and accountability of the police is required. For even the police should recognise that their job needs a substantial level of public consent — which has quite evidently broken down. □

Lesbians and gay men — a bargepole breaks

NOTHING WAS MORE revealing, during the lesbian and gay rights debate on the last day of the Labour Conference, than a peculiar phrase repeatedly used by David Dimbleby, commentating for BBC1. He spoke of 'homosexual lesbians and gays', as if the latter terms would be unfamiliar to a television audience interested in politics, or as if neutrality required that he distance himself with the superadded 'homosexual'. *Noli me tangere*, not with a bargepole.

Even liberals with a small 'l' don't yet see their way plain to recognising that lesbians and gay men are not still setting out on an attempted revolution in the social perception of their lives. The 'setting-out', if it is to be dated to Gay Liberation Front (c.1970), is already a generation old. Those among the young who know themselves to be homosexual, though for preference they call themselves lesbian or gay, have never known a time when there was *no* option but to be 'queer'. They face every other obstacle put before today's young, but they don't face, as their elders did, complete lack of a real social and personal identity.

The protection and furthering of that identity was the real subject of the motion debated last Friday morning in Bournemouth, even though the form it took — in civil libertarian terms a very important form — was a demand that the Party national executive prepare to repeal all laws against homosexuals during the next Labour government. The reiterated stress by speakers ('I am proud to be a lesbian', by Sarah Roelofs, who moved the motion; 'I am a gay man', by Charlie Beaton, who declared his 'interior terror', even in 1985, at speaking as an 'out' gay man before a Labour Conference) was on personal integrity. That is the bedrock, taking full account of the pun: the accompaniment and prelude to any other commitment to the fight against reactionary 'values'.

Labour's national executive did not want the resolution passed. Jo Richardson, good friend to lesbians and gays though she is, moved to have it 'remitted', declaring that 'there are difficulties at this moment' in the path of an eventual manifesto commitment to complete legislative parity of homosexuals and heterosexuals. We have been here before. In 1982 Labour's human rights study group put up sweeping proposals to bring about the complete freedom of lesbians and gay men from bias still built into British legislation and into its interpretation by the courts. The proposals were endorsed by the home policy affairs committee (chaired by Tony Benn) and then watered down by the NEC. Labour's 1983 manifesto had a partial and unsatisfactory section about gay rights, and promptly undermined itself by excluding homosexuals from every other call for equality of access and treatment in the sections on housing, employment, and so on. The message then was: forget it.

The range of legislation required is in fact formidable, more so perhaps than many who are not themselves lesbian or gay may be aware, and to this limited degree the NEC is right. Lesbian or gay male sex is illegal, on or off base, in the Armed Forces and is an offence in the merchant navy. It is illegal in several territories, eg the Isle of Man and some of the Channel Isles, and executive order prohibits the knowing employment of homosexuals in Britain's diplomatic representation. Customs law, the Sexual Offences Acts, employment protection legislation, all need tidying up. Killing off the vested State discrimination will be as arduous as the NEC thinks it will be.

But the electoral sticking-point, Jo Richardson made clear from the platform in Bournemouth, is regarded as being none of these. 'There may be considerable legal difficulties', she said, 'unless we bring the [*male gay*] age of consent down to 16 [*parity with the current UK heterosexual age of consent for both sexes*] but that would be a significant change of policy'. Indeed it would. It would remove from the young that malevolent shadow of disbelief that they are, from the age of 16, what they say they are. It would remove the threat of being forcibly taken into care, and of authority, parental or otherwise, invoking criminal law against victimless sexual experience. Good enough grounds for a 'significant change of policy' by Labour, and yet there is more.

The age-of-consent disparity, even though it does not apply directly to lesbians (unless in the Armed Forces), remains the single most influential legislative denial of the dearly-achieved new sense of identity of the lesbian and gay. It perpetuates the profoundly prejudicial idea that homosexuals may be 'saved' for heterosexuality if they are discouraged in their 'teens, but may as well be discarded as irretrievably 'lost' once they've passed 21. It was a victory for Labour when a Conference card-vote, thanks to energetic lobbying by Labour Campaign for Gay Rights, overruled the NEC by 3.4 million to 2.3 million. □

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SPOTLIGHT ON DISSENTING LITERATI AMID NOBEL LITERATURE PRIZE INTRIGUE

THE ANNUAL tremors in memory of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, reach their climax Thursday 17 October with the announcement of the winner of this year's prize for literature. From Stockholm GILL DWYER reports on the intrigue, secrecy and controversy that surround the Swedish Academy's deliberations

Martin Mayer/Network

With no Booker-style shortlist, speculation is almost impossible. But Nadine Gordimer (above) is being spoken about — virtually guaranteeing that she won't win

JOURNALISTS, publishers and writers with contacts in the inner circle try to squeeze out the hottest name, but meet proper Swedish reserve. The barrier has been publicly broken only once when veteran Academician Artur Lundkvist criticised the choice of William Golding.

If the list is secret, the characters, opinions and fields of expertise of the Academicians are known to enough people and are used as bases for informed guesses. Of special interest is the 'holy of holies', the five-person Nobel Committee that works all year round whittling down the nominations of some 150 to 200 names to about a dozen, for the consideration of the whole Academy. In recent years the committee has come to add its own (perhaps unknown) favourites to the fateful list.

Because of his strong personality and prestige, Lundkvist is accorded immense influence by some observers, but they note that ill health has cost him ground. Although a political radical, Lundkvist reportedly dislikes the work of female authors; and as a devoted modernist, he has been promoting French author Claude Simon.

Lundkvist successfully lobbied for inclusion in the Academy of Östen Sjöstrand, who has translated the work of the African dramatist and poet Wole Soyinka into Swedish and admires the poetry of Senegalese statesman Leopold Senghor. There are others in the Academy who — in opposition to Lundkvist — favour Nadine Gordimer (South Africa) and Marguerite Yourcener (France).

Another source of rumour is the new membership in the Academy of Chinese specialist Professor Göran Malmqvist; and a conviction that China must soon be brought in from the isolation forced by the Cultural Revolution. On the basis that politics, tactics, and internal lobbying play a role, Stockholm journalists are thus tipping Africa, France and China

Writer protests

But not all of Stockholm's literati are basking in their hour of glory. Jan Myrdal, who is considered in some circles to be one of Sweden's greatest living authors, claims that, whatever the prize has done for world literature, it's stifling the domestic product. Myrdal, who is in the unique position of having both parents as Nobel laureates, says that the prize has accorded exaggerated influence to the Swedish Academy. 'Second raters,' he says, 'with some exceptions.

'If you are a Swedish Academician you can't go anywhere in the world without some poet toadying up to you. The members of the Academy have gained world importance, at least at cocktail parties.

'Swedish is an open language, like English. We writers have made the language, not the Academy as in France. And we have had a strong proletarian literature outside the mainstream. But now the academic literature is taking over, along with the Coca-Cola type. And there doesn't seem to be any hope of stopping this. They keep creating even more prizes. In my opinion, the Nobel prize should not exist.' ●

Dounreay's military role

HIGHLY ENRICHED uranium made at the Dounreay nuclear complex on the north coast of Scotland is used for military purposes at the UK Atomic Energy Authority's establishment at Harwell in Berkshire. This admission — made to the *New Statesman* this week — contrasts with a series of official assurances made in recent years designed to convey the impression that Dounreay is a purely civil facility.

A paper prepared for the Electrical Power Engineers' Association (EEPA) earlier this year after a meeting with Department of Energy officials reveals that some fuel 'from various parts of the UKAEA and in particular from its fuel fabrication plant at Dounreay is occasionally temporarily allocated from the civil inventory to the military inventory and then returned to the civil inventory.'

The paper, which has been passed to the *New Statesman*, continues: 'For example, fuel from the civil side at Dounreay may be used in a military reactor at Harwell for certain military experiments. During the time it is in the reactor it is classified as military material not subject to safeguards. However when it comes out of the reactor it is reclassified as civil and is once again subject to safeguards.'

Propulsion experiments

A statement from the UKAEA confirmed that this was the case. Highly enriched uranium from Dounreay is used to fuel the Dido materials testing reactor at Harwell which 'may from time to time contain experiments relating to nuclear propulsion' (presumably of submarines). When this happens the fuel is excluded from safeguards accounting and inspection under the terms of the relevant international safeguards agreement. But the Authority stressed that none of the material 'is diverted for use in weapons or as fuel for military propulsion reactors.'

The EPEA paper, which deals with a range of plutonium and safeguards issues, is part of the Association's efforts to ensure that there is a proper distinction between civil and military nuclear activities. It says that the Dounreay Prototype Fast Reactor and its associated reprocessing plant used to be designated for inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) but that this is no longer the case.

Taken hostage

It highlights the difficulties created by Britain's refusal to open the Magnox reprocessing plant at Sellafield in Cumbria to international inspection because of its dual civil and military role. Apparently while safeguarded foreign fuel is being reprocessed at the plant, the IAEA, barred from physically inspecting the process, is offered some other material as 'hostage' until it can verify that no diversion has taken place.

The paper also points out that the quality of the plutonium processed at Sellafield — whether or not it is 'weapons grade' — is not reported to the safeguards authorities. Last week the EPEA wrote to the Energy secretary Peter Walker asking him to consider rectifying this omission.

Rob Edwards

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ANOTHER RULES BOOK ROW FROM THE AUEW

WHEN THE AUEW narrowly avoided being suspended by the TUC for taking government money for ballots, it wasn't the first time the union had been in trouble for breaking the rules. JOLYON JENKINS reports

AT THE END of July, in a little-noticed case, a High Court judge ruled that the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers (AUEW) had acted unlawfully in unilaterally altering its rules to deprive members of welfare benefits. It's a case which, say some union members, demonstrates that the AUEW's professed commitment to democracy is less than wholehearted.

It started in 1979 when, faced with shortage of cash, the union tried to cut back on sickness, disablement and superannuation benefits. The executive decision was hampered by a rule that said this couldn't be done unless 40 per cent of those affected by the change (which in practice was most union members) voted in favour.

AUEW's general secretary Gavin Laird admits: 'there was no chance of getting anything like that vote.' To get round it, the executive persuaded the rules revision committee to delete the rule.

Having done that, the executive was able, following a further rule change, to remove the benefits. It took legal advice from Lord Wedderburn QC, who estimated that the union would have a 90 per cent chance of success in the courts,

Ernie Jacques and family

should any member challenge the decision.

Recalcitrant voice

One member did challenge it. Ernie Jacques, a longstanding AUEW activist, who works as a maintenance fitter for Leeds city council, tried first of all to use the union's own internal procedure, to appeal against the change.

He wanted to take the matter to the AUEW's final appeal court, but was told that the Court could only pronounce on the decisions of the executive council, and not the rules revision committee — an interpretation of the rules Jacques disputes. Jacques also wanted to appear in person before the court and have his expenses met — conditions the leadership found unacceptable.

Reluctantly, Jacques went to law — and won. In the High Court on 28 July Mr Justice Warner said that the union had acted unlawfully in seeking to do in two steps what it was unable to do in one. The action, he said, went against the spirit and intentions of the union's founders and would make the original rule worthless.

Worker donations

Throughout the case, Jacques, who hasn't been able to get legal aid, has relied entirely on voluntary donations from fellow AUEW members — who have acted in defiance of orders from Gavin Laird — and other sympathisers in the Labour movement.

Despite the decision, the union has refused to restore the benefits it removed. Laird hasn't been maganaminous in his attitude towards Jacques: he has used the union's journal to write full-page articles attacking him, and unsuccessfully tried to get Jacques jailed for contempt of court when he made public Lord Wedderburn's advice to the union.

Now the AUEW is to appeal against the Court's decision, which could bankrupt Jacques if he loses. The appeal is expected to be heard within the next couple of months. ●

New hope for Californian AIDS victims?

AMID all the gloom surrounding AIDS, recent developments in the United States give new hope that people diagnosed with the disease can survive and even recover their health.

A small group of doctors in Los Angeles has been 'illegally' experimenting with the joint use of the anti-viral agent, ribavirin and the immune-booster, isoprinosine. The combined use of these drugs is still unlicenced by the Food and Drug Administration, and they therefore can't be legally prescribed in the US. The treatment involves a daily 1800 mg dose of ribavirin and a 1500 dose of isoprinosine, taken in alternating cycles of five days on and five days off for up to a hundred days.

According to the doctors involved, the health of most patients on this regime shows 'remarkable' improvement. Some have now left hospital and are leading more or less normal lives.

There has also been a mushrooming of mutual support groups for people with AIDS. The accent's on a 'positive mental attitude'. Participants don't see themselves as 'victims' and refuse to act out the 'sick role'. Amazingly, some *have* succeeded in getting on the road to recovery through a strict diet combining meditation, aerobics, nutritious diet, stress limitation and plenty of sleep.

Two exceptionally successful examples of this 'mind over matter' therapy are Tom Proctor and Louie Nassaney of Los Angeles. Proctor was diagnosed as suffering from AIDS in late 1984. Yet today he's in excellent health. Having just completed the West Hollywood run and Walkathon, he's now making plans to compete in the New York Marathon. Proctor attributes his recovery to a belief in his 'ability to live'. 'A lot of people think that once you get AIDS, you're bedridden and die. If you believe you can still enjoy life and be productive, you can.'

Nassaney decided to come off drug therapy in 1984 — at a time when he was very ill indeed. He began a process of 'waking up the body, spirit and mind'. Night after night, during meditation he imagined that his Kaposi Sarcoma lesions were pencil drawings which he then proceeded to mentally erase with a rubber. By late last year he was so healthy he began weight training. Two weeks ago, in Los Angeles, sponsored by the AIDS project of L.A., he was placed fourth runner-up in the US gay musclemen competition, Super-Men '86.

Peter Tatchell

Despite these encouraging developments, it's only fair to point out that mysterious remissions are a feature of AIDS.

AIDS demo

THE FIRST national demonstration in the UK to defend the rights of people with AIDS happened in Manchester this Tuesday (8 October). AIDS organisations and the gay community demanded the city council's ruling Labour group admit it made a mistake in recently applying for a detention order for a 29 year old AIDS patient, under the Public Health (Infectious Diseases) Act 1984. The Labour group agreed that the council had been 'inadequately prepared' for the situation, and committed itself to 'striving to ensure that the specific AIDS regulations within the Act are never used again'.

Andrew Lowrey

Kerry babies report 'has made matters worse'

AS RESPONSES from the Irish government and police authorities to the 'Kerry babies report' published last week are eagerly awaited, there's a growing feeling in the Republic that the Tribunal hasn't fulfilled its function — which was to discover how the Hayes family of County Kerry came to confess to a murder of a baby which it could not have committed. Members of the government have even privately admitted that they regret that the Tribunal was ever set up.

Politicians from all the political parties as well as women's groups and the Irish Council for Civil Liberties have expressed deep concern over the tone and content of the report. Presided over by Mr Justice Kevin Lynch, it's written not in sober legal jargon but rather uses exclamation marks and asides. Education minister Gemma Hussey is among those who have expressed concern about this.

According to the judge, Joanne Hayes, the woman originally accused of stabbing the baby, 'put here eye on' Jeremiah Locke, the father of the child, and 'he did not hesitate to take advantage of that which was so readily available to him'. Later, he 'disentangled' himself from her, the judge says.

Gemma Hussey has attacked the 'Victorian attitudes' implicit in the judge's remarks. Kadar Asmal, President of the Irish Council for Civil Libertis, castigates the report for portraying the family as the accused, for the lack of even-handedness in its treatment of the family and the police, for the 'sanctimonious' approach of the judge, who, he says, offers useful insights into the judicial view of women.

Although the police are accused of being inefficient and inadequate in their procedures, the report also goes close to excusing them for telling lies to the Tribunal, saying that familiarity with the oath often breeds contempt, causing the police to 'elevate wishful thinking into hard fact'. This is causing much concern in Dublin legal circles. By suggesting that perjury is a norm for police, the report damages their already poor credibility.

Colm Toibin

Correction

In last week's news pages we incorrectly captioned a picture 'a seriously hurt YTS trainee'. In fact, the person pictured was an employee.

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PARENT CLAIMS 'VDUs IN SCHOOLS DANGEROUS'

The Dobson children — now being taught at home

DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL is to investigate the possible danger to children of computers in the classroom. The council's health and safety committee is to draw up guidelines for headteachers on the use of computers and Visual Display Units (VDUs) following the decision of a former teacher, Carol Dobson, to withdraw her two children, aged 5 and 9, from school rather than expose them to 'potentially dangerous VDU screens'.

Mrs Dobson has collated research from Britain, Canada, Australia and Japan pointing to the possible health hazards of VDUs — miscarriage, birth defects, skin rashes, epilepsy, cataracts, headaches, nausea, eye strain. VDUs emit X-rays, infra red rays, ultra-violet rays, and micro-wave radiation.

The TUC insists that pregnant women should have the right to transfer to non-VDU work because of the risk to the foetus. Mrs Dobson says that if there is a danger to an unborn child there's a strong possibility of danger to a young one. She's demanding that parents be allowed to withdraw their children from any lessons using computers and that all computers should be stored, and used, in a special room within the school. 'Most primary schools don't have separate computer rooms and this means that children can be sitting next to a machine for many hours. I am not prepared to take the risk with my children.'

Roy Pryke, Devon's deputy chief education officer, acknowledges that many medical experts believe it dangerous for any adult to be exposed to a VDU for more than four hours at any one time but says that no primary school pupil will spend more than ten minutes working with one: 'I can't see that a VDU is any more dangerous than a switched on television set but Mrs Dobson is obviously worried and I have asked her to present any evidence that she has to the health and safety committee'.

The Health and Safety Executive denies that working with VDUs can cause serious illness but Canada's prestigious Centre for Occupational Health and Safety has claimed that 'Fields of low level radiation can leak from the top, back and sides of VDUs and low frequency radiation may create high voltage gradients high enough to damage the surface of living cells'. And in Japan, the world leader in new technology, computers are not allowed in schools.

Barry Hugill

Labour rejects Emergency Powers plans

THE LABOUR CONFERENCE has voted that an incoming Labour government should 'repeal' the secret war Emergency Powers Acts. In fact the Acts — which have been secretly prepared as part of a Home Defence review instigated by Mrs Thatcher — are not law and can only be revealed, not repealed.

The existence of the new laws was revealed here 6 and 13 September, and were a major focus of concern at the conference. Neil Kinnock, in his main speech, ridiculed 'the so-called party of freedom' which had planned to surrender British sovereignty in the event of war.

The next day, shadow defence secretary Denzil Davies promised 'proper parliamentary debate on the awful emergency powers recently brought to light'.

The conference then passed an emergency motion proposed by Orpington Labour Party, vigorously opposing the rights the government had granted to 'give the US military the right to create key strategic areas in Britain; to seize property and people; to detain without trial people classed as 'subversives'; to create ad hoc courts; to replace our judicial system, and to restrict citizens' movements'.

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

MISCELLANY

Ridley's elevation

Does the *Daily Telegraph* know something we don't? Their Northern edition of 2 October reported, and we quote, 'Mr Ridley, the Transport Secretary, left Shanghai today on his first visit to a Western country since he became General Secretary of the Soviet Communist party seven months ago.' What can this mean? Has Britain's failure to become a nation of bus lovers finally unhinged Ridley's party allegiance? Does the *Telegraph* actually want Ridley to defect? We checked with the Department of Transport — a 'straightforward mistake' they explained, glacially. Straight-forward?

More screenwiping

Yet another broadcasting censorship story. When the Handsworth riots broke out, the editor of Channel 4's The Eleventh Hour *slot astutely decided it would be a good idea to broadcast the acclaimed American documentary* Race Against Prime Time, *which is about the coverage on US TV of the 1980 Miami race riots. Highly topical, you might think. Why then, on Monday night was a programme called* Bangkok to Bahrein *broadcast instead? The answer, apparently, is that Channel 4's controller Paul Bonner, and then Chief Executive Jeremy Isaacs, decided that to broadcast* Race Against Prime Time *would be 'inflammatory'. You can take topicality too far, it seems.*

Still flucking on

So now we know what it must be like in that room at the BBC where all the unsolicited sitcom manuscripts arrive. The Miscellany offices have been piled high to the rafters with your elegant transformations of literary organs to sitcoms. The judges, after long and careful consideration, have awarded this week's prize to Sandra Hardingham — soon to be the recipient of a Fluck and Law squeaking politician — with her version of *Cage and Aviary Birds*: 'Super stud Tony Cage (Jim Davidson) gets plenty of opportunities to use his talents when he's employed as odd-job man at the exclusive girls' boarding school, Aviary House. Already he's seduced Matron (Barbara Windsor), head prefect (Lorraine Chase) and the captain of the hockey team (Tracey Ullman). But his burning desire is for the headmistress (Penelope Keith). Will Tony succeed or will he be thwarted by the efforts of the chaplain (Lenny Henry) to stage a moral rearmament campaign?' Sounds like a real ratings winner. The competition proceeds.

Diplomatic language

Melina Mercouri, the Greek Minister of Culture who excused herself at the last minute, wasn't the only ghost at the feast last week, when polite, muted speeches were made at the opening of the exhibition on the restoration of the Acropolis at the British Museum. The museum's pride and glory, the Parthenon Marbles, stolen from the Athenians 180 years ago by the 7th Earl of Elgin, though only a few yards away, didn't even rate a mention by any of the official speakers, Greek or English. Well, not a real mention. Nicos Kyraizides, the Greek ambassador, did manage a slight tangential dig — 'acts of God and man *... taken their toll through the ages.' Now if Melina had decided she could make it, David Wilson, the museum's director, who's on the record as wanting to keep his Marbles, might have been hard put to it to prevent her carting the lot back to Greece with her own bare hands.*

A better birthday

If you don't feel like celebrating the Grandmother of the Nation's 60th birthday this month, how about raising a glass for Reha Isvan instead? It's her 60th birthday, too — only she'll be spending it in a Turkish military prison. She was jailed two years ago for her peace activities; the martial law military tribunal sentenced her to eight years hard labour, to be followed by 32 months internal exile. Turkey's repressive regime — propped up by trade and arms sales from Britain — hasn't taken too kindly to her work for the women's movement, either. Turkish women in this country are organising a party for her, on Saturday 26 October. It's at the ASTMS headquarters at 97, Camden Road, London NW1, and it starts at 4 pm. There will be food, music, women's poetry and a raffle — a chance to win a hand made patchwork quilt. Most of all it's a chance to celebrate the courage of a remarkable woman. And to cock a snook at Mrs T.

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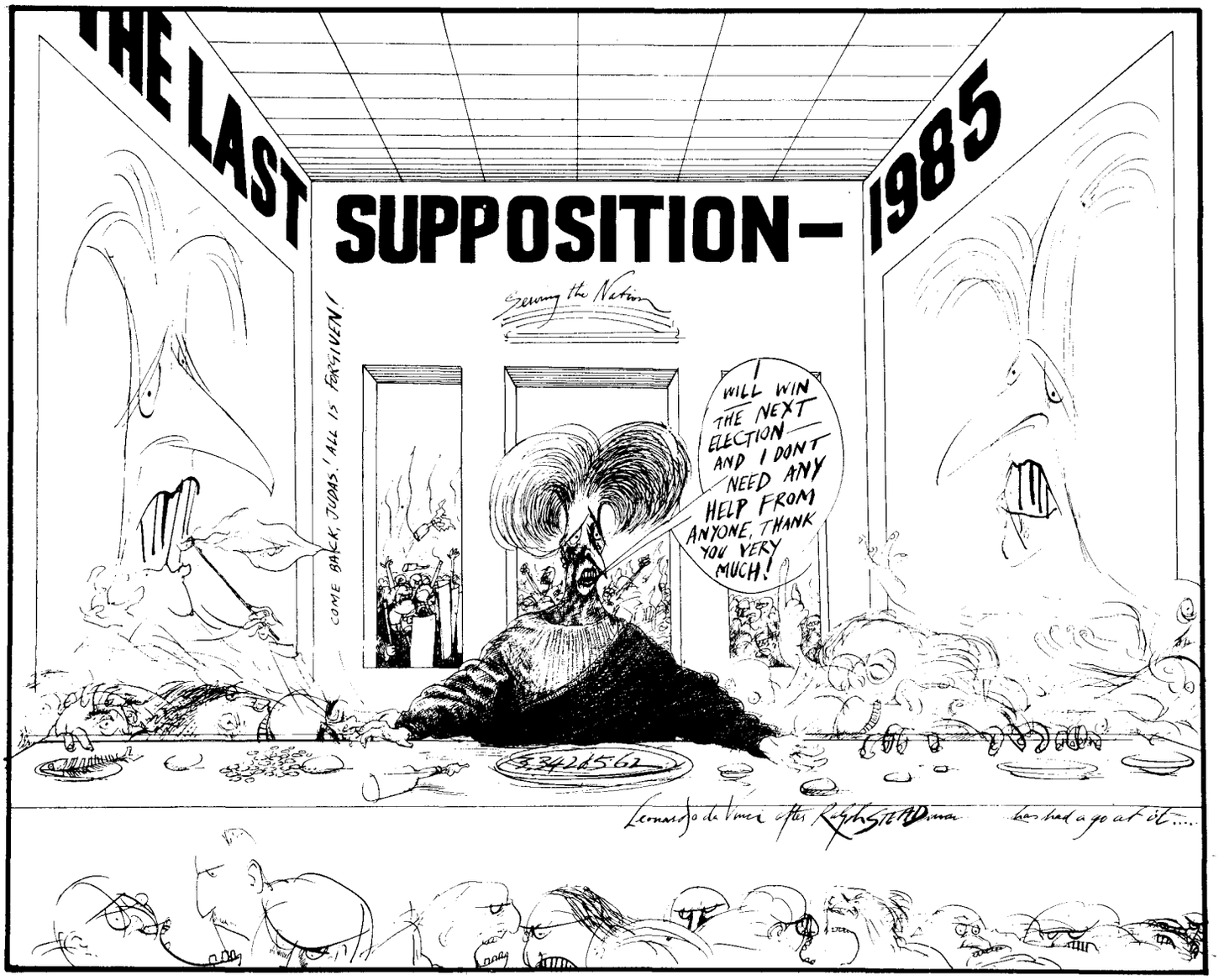
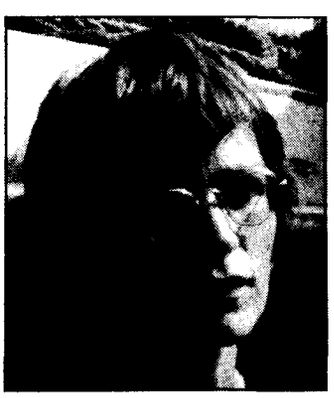

THE LAST SUPPOSITION — 1985
Serving the Nation
COME BACK, JUDAS. ALL IS FORGIVEN!
I WILL WIN THE NEXT ELECTION — AND I DONT NEED ANY HELP FROM ANYONE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
Leonardo da Vinci after Ralph Steadman has had a go at it....



'Father, will there be nuclear war?'

The first CND visit to the USSR for over three years took place just before the present burst of Soviet disarmament proposals hit the headlines. The message we were given to take home with us was that there is a new determination to prevent the continuation of the US Star Wars programme through dramatic Soviet initiatives, such as the one announced by Gorbachev this week in Paris, and a promise that if these bring forward no response, the shutters will come down, and a Soviet Star Wars system will go up.

A year before, Star Wars had dominated my own discussions with the same policy advisors, who had stressed the first-strike imperialist intentions of the US at every opportunity. This time, the tone was different; though the aim is still to negotiate Star Wars away with generous offers, a post-Star Wars world is now conceivable. 'It is still possible to achieve arms control and disarmament, and a measure of detente, with Star Wars systems in place,' we were told.

Whether this is just the latest stage in the PR Wars campaign or an ominous sign that the USSR envisages a negotiated and controlled bilateral Star Wars programme, is not clear, but the inference is that Star Wars is now considered the inevitable next stage in parallel escalation. However — and the other side of the coin to the new proposals — we are seeing at the moment an unprecedented attempt to set in motion a 'disarmament race,' (a phrase of Mary Kaldor's proudly quoted to us) led by the USSR.

The CND delegation put forward its own proposal for setting the disarmament race in motion, and we were advised to direct it straight to Gorbachev before his visit to Paris. We proposed that the USSR should dismantle, rather than withdraw or relocate, five batteries (45 missiles) or SS20s, on condition that the US did not deploy cruise missiles intended for the Netherlands, there or anywhere else.

The political effects of this, we suggested, would be enormous. As well as throwing the Dutch government's insistence that deployment depended on numbers of SS20s back in its face, such a move would revitalise the peace movement, put new pressure on the Geneva summit (the Dutch decision is due 1 November and the summit 21 November) and provide a model for Soviet response to the election of a Labour government in Britain.

While we already have promises of a generous Soviet response to a non-nuclear defence policy for Britain, a demonstration of intent such as this would mean in effect that Labour would enter the next General Election with British-based nuclear forces already negotiated away.

But the question which remains despite present optimism is whether the Soviet Union is capable of accepting that the only way to prevent the deployment of Star Wars is by making it politically impossible for the US to impose the system on NATO. Far from wishing to divide Europe from the US the USSR may prefer a carefully-controlled bilateral deployment — leading perhaps to site-defence of ICBMs on both sides, and possibly negotiated reductions in certain strategic systems — to the political chaos which would result from US failure to deploy. Soviet desire to prevent a third world war may yet prove to be an inadequate counter-weight to its desire to be acknowledged as an equal partner in Armageddon. The contradictions are enshrined in this officially-sanctioned joke: son to father, 'Father, will there be a nuclear war?' Father to son, 'No my child, but the struggle for peace will be so intense that we will all be killed.'

Jane Mayes

Jane Mayes is secretary of CND's international committee and a member of CND executive. Joan Ruddock, chair of CND, Owen Hardwicke, Paul Rogers, and Nicholas Lampert were with her on the delegation, invited at end-September by the Soviet Peace Committee.

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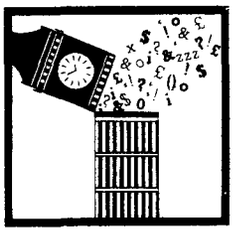

The strange tale of Wets who wouldn't bark

PETER KELLNER

Blackpool

THE TORY PARTY Conference is another country: they do things differently there. If any of the representatives know what it's like to live for any length of time on social security, they are keeping very quiet about it. If any have experience of queuing for a council home, they are refusing to share their insights with the rest of the Conference. If any are black youths from Handsworth or Tottenham, you could have fooled me.

Two nations are represented at Blackpool this week: but the distinction is not between the haves and have nots. Instead it is between those whose interests lie in the survival of Mrs Thatcher's particular brand of Tory politics and those who seek its destruction. On the face of it, the first group is dominant. They are certainly more vocal. But they comprise an increasingly strange and unrepresentative collection of people.

First there are those whose immediate political fates are inseparable from the Prime Minister's: Norman Tebbit, for example, or Nigel Lawson: it is hard to see how their political careers could recover from a reversion to 'One Nation' Toryism following Mrs Thatcher's eventual departure.

Then there are the right-wing ideologues: people whose only criticism of Mrs Thatcher is that she has not done enough to wind down the State and apply the principles of free market economics. Again, all hope of 'progress' depends on sustaining Mrs Thatcher and smashing the Wets.

Finally, there is an assortment of local, not particularly ideological, Tories who have personally done rather well during the past six years and genuinely believe that the government's problems really are just ones of 'presentation': as soon as Mr Tebbit and that nice young Jeffrey Archer get down to business, the voters will come flocking back.

Set against these motley Thatcherites are those whose long-term interests lie in her downfall. The obvious politicians, like Francis Pym and James Prior, are not taking part in the formal debates. Junior ministerial Wets, like Chris Patten and William Waldegrave, are keeping their heads down. Occasional dissent is heard from local Tories whose businesses have suffered from the recession, or who fear that, if Mrs Thatcher stays as party leader, the Alliance will undo everything they have done in constituencies and councils to sustain the Tory vote.

But even among this last group, outright and explicit opposition to the leadership is seldom expressed. In part this is due to a genuine deference to whoever leads the party. Many of the people who will give Mrs Thatcher a standing ovation this Friday were equally generous to Edward Heath a dozen years ago.

We have been here before. In 1981, similar rumblings were heard. Then, as now, we were midway through a Parliament. Then, as now, the Tories were doing badly in the opinion polls. Then, as now, Tories debated behind-the-scenes at Blackpool whether the party could win the next general election with more than three million people without jobs. Then, as now, the occasional story appeared in the press saying that some ageing Tory dignitaries would form a posse, bear down on Mrs Thatcher and tell her that 'there are times when a party's gotta do what a party's gotta do. Margaret, it's time for you to leave town'.

Usually, these stories centre round Viscount Whitelaw, the party's deputy leader. A mischievous article to this effect has been written this autumn by the eccentrically right-wing MP George Gardiner — and faithfully repeated by some Sunday papers that ought to know better.

THE PROSAIC TRUTH is that there is no plot to remove Mrs Thatcher and that the only way she will leave Downing Street before the next general election is if she gets tired of the job or becomes too ill, or too dead, to carry on. She has, admittedly, looked more haggard this week on the platform of the Tory Party Conference than she has ever done before. But there are no signs yet that she has lost her appetite for her job.

Besides, this is 1985, not 1981. The Conservatives have already won a general election with unemployment above three million. To anyone who says: 'We can't win an election with the economy in this condition', the Prime Minister has the perfect reply: 'We did'.

It is this part of the equation that the 'Thatcher will go' people tend to overlook. The premise that she will be forced to resign always starts with the condition: 'If it becomes clear that the Tories will be heavily defeated at the next election...'. But examine that 'if' more closely. Between now and, say, next autumn, the opinion polls and by-election results may well make dire reading. But Mrs Thatcher has no need to call an election before June 1988. She will claim to her critics that there is still plenty of time to turn public opinion round.

Suppose she is wrong in this prognosis (as I think she is). Clear evidence of her deficient powers of forecasting will come only as the months tick by, the election draws closer, and the Tories still languish in the polls. We reach the spring or summer of 1987 and no recovery is in sight.

What then? Mrs Thatcher's critics may feel a smug satisfaction that their prediction, rather than hers, has been vindicated by events. But the essential reason for Mrs Thatcher's nemesis moving from possibility through probability and towards certainty is that the election becomes daily more imminent. However much a majority of Tory backbenchers may by then want a new leader, it will be too late. A divisive party battle, resulting in a new leader and new policies will come too late for the party to construct a new, more positive and compassionate image.

To the extent, then, that Mrs Thatcher's defence within the party lies with her performance in 1983 — and to the extent that her critics inside the party refrain from playing the Falklands card (you only won, Maggie, because of the Falklands War and you are not going to repeat that trick this time round) — her job is safe, however much of an electoral liability she becomes. And her critics won't play the Falklands card, because they all said in 1983 — and some even believed it — that the last general election was won for wholly different reasons to do with faith in Tory policies and its competence to govern.

But there is a further reason why any prospect of a Wet coup will be strangled at conception, let alone birth. They are feeble, disorganised and incapable of bringing down a house of cards, let alone a Prime Minister. None has shown any signs of possessing the guts that Mrs Thatcher herself displayed when she challenged Heath a decade ago.

This week we have not even had the kind of coded anti-Thatcher speeches from Wet cabinet ministers that punctuated the 1981 Conference. Peter Walker, in particular, not only failed to provide his consensual vision of the future of Toryism: he failed to provide any vision. Instead, he spent almost his whole speech on Tuesday attacking Arthur Scargill and Neil Kinnock.

Indeed, at the time of writing this column, the only Cabinet minister to provide some kind of vision so far has been Norman Fowler, defending his version of the Welfare State. He waxed eloquent on the way he, like Kinnock, had enjoyed the fruits of post-war high public spending on schools, houses and hospitals — but pointed out that most of this money was spent between 1951 and 1964 when the Tories were in power. (Fowler omitted to mention that the Keynesian policies of that time are condemned by Mrs Thatcher when they are advocated today.)

So far, then, the only alternative on public offer is the rallying cry 'Back to the Fifties', with Fowler leading the charge. If that, plus the occasional squeal from Sir Ian Gilmour, is all that Mrs Thatcher has to worry about from inside her party, she has no reason to lose any sleep this week.

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THE SACK OF ACADEME

A new barbarism is lapping at the gates of the universities. It isn't just the squeeze on funds. As PAUL FLATHER describes, our whole idea of the freely inquisitive seat of learning is to be subordinated, if Sir Keith Joseph has his way, to a narrow concept of economic benefit

SOMETHING STRANGE is happening on campus. Student presidents are finding themselves for once in agreement with their vice-chancellors. Union officers see eye to eye with registrars, professors, porters, pantry staff, all feel a common bond.

They are united against perhaps the greatest peacetime threat to higher education. No longer is the issue just cuts — though plenty remain on the agenda. The very philosophy of the system — expanding frontiers of knowledge and developing an individual's potential — is under attack.

Their target is the government's recent Green Paper *Higher Education into the 1990s* (Cmnd 9524) which sets out bluntly to value education in terms of benefits to the economy. In just 42 pages the universally accepted functions of a university as seeker after truth, instiller of values and critical faculties, and trainer of intellectual and occupational skills, are relegated below the balance sheet with the odd sentence of justification or explanation.

This is no message hidden between the lines. There is no secret agenda. Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Education, explained clearly to the House of Commons that higher education had now to serve the economy 'more effectively'. It would be a smaller system, more cost-effective, more closely linked to industry and private companies, with an end to 'anti-business' snobbery, more graduates in business, engineering and applied science, and concentrated research centres, all measures aimed at boosting economic growth.

Sir Keith's theory is simple. The British economy has declined vis-a-vis its competitors. Higher education is partly to blame for not producing the right type of people. It must now play a bigger role in the (much awaited) economic revival. As Sir Keith put it: 'The reason is simple, that unless the country's economic performance improves we shall not even be able to afford many of the things we value including education for pleasure, and general culture, and the financing of scholarship, and research as an end in itself.'

Now at least the dons know what value is placed on scholarship, pure research, culture, and 'education for pleasure'. Universal hostility greeted the Green Paper when it appeared last May. The cries of philistinism and even barbarism echoed in the Commons, in staff rooms, and in student unions, and even *The Times* was forced to print a long-running critical correspondence. Denis Noble, a physiology professor at Oxford, neatly exposed the new philosophy: 'How am I now supposed to assess the merits of two highly talented candidates, one taking physics, the other philosophy?' he asked. 'Do I try and calculate the likely benefit to the economy?'

In general, academics were angry that higher education was being used as a scapegoat for economic failure. They pointed out that the new emphasis on short-sighted and narrow vocational and technological training would in turn simply produce short-sighted and narrow students. The Green Paper was condemned as destructive and irresponsible, jeopardising a vital source for the values of Britain's future leaders.

Even the Tories' natural allies took up cudgels. Walter Goldsmith, formerly head of the Institute of Directors, said top industrialists also needed to be able to make critical judgements not just assess profit rates. Brian Cox, right-wing professor of English literature at Manchester University, author of the education *Black Papers*, has warned that the 'new vocationalism' is the main threat to standards today. Young Conservatives complain about being 'pushed into industry' by state intervention; and many backbench Tory MPs have come out in favour of an expanded system. Finally Enoch Powell, a man Tories love to listen to, has accused Joseph of nothing less than 'barbarism' for valuing higher education 'in terms of monetary cost-benefit analysis.'

BUT THE GREEN PAPER has another role, to extend the current cuts hitting universities, polytechnics and colleges of higher education, even breaking a pledge given at the time of the 1981 university cuts that funding would be held level after three years. As Joseph's cricket-loving junior minister, Peter Brooke, says, it is 'rolling the wicket for rationalisation', and he has confirmed that even university closures are possible as student numbers decline into the 1990s.

The drip-effect of cuts is now a fact of life on campus. Libraries are not open in the evening, students can barely afford main textbooks, lecturers shelve cherished research proposals. Universities are losing one in seven of their staff, 10 per cent of their funding since 1981, while colleges and polytechnics' estimated budgets are down by 24 per cent since 1981 and have lost one in 12 staff. For all the work load is up, morale is down.

Behind the cuts there apparently lurks a deeper aim, Joseph's wish to turn universities into commercial style businesses. Here vice-chancellors gradually become chief executives, power is shifted from the senate to the corporate plan committee, assessment moves from alphas and firsts to performance indicators such as employability and economic benefits. Already the language of management is becoming pervasive. A series of Rayner-style efficiency studies has been carried out for the government by a team under a top industrialist, Sir Alex Jarrett, chair of the Reed International Corporation. Another series looking at how universities coped with the 1981 cuts is being sponsored by the Department of Education and Science.

A preliminary skirmish has just taken place at Brunel where one of the new breed of 'tough' vice-chancellors, Professor Richard Bishop, tried to persuade the senate to agree to proposals which would have turned each department into small businesses earning extra revenue and monitorng their own 'staff

HELP!

LABOUR is launching HELP — Labour Party for Higher Education — as a multi-million pound campaign to repair and reform higher education. The theme, announced by Giles Radice, the party's chief education spokesperson, at a fringe meeting at last week's Labour Conference is 'expansion with change'. A new charter, to be unveiled next month, will promise:

- *University spending restored to 1983-84 levels and extra funding to bring polytechnic and college resources per student up to university levels*
- *Student grant levels raised, parental contribution abolished, and £27-a-week maintenance allowance for all post-16 students at school or college*
- *In return universities and polytechnics to open their doors to a wider range of working class and second-chance students.*

Radice also wants a single planning body for all higher education replacing the 'secretive, unrepresentative and incompetent' University Grants Committee and the still weak National Advisory Body, which controls public sector higher and further education.

No figures have been given, but the package is likely to cost at lest £1,000m. The HELP campaign is being headed by A.H.Halsey, professor of social administration at Nuffield College, Oxford, long-term opponent of elitism and private schools, with a committee of 12 to be chosen shortly. The Association of University Teachers is running a week of action against the Green Paper beginning 25 November with a rally in Westminister Central Hall on the 27th.

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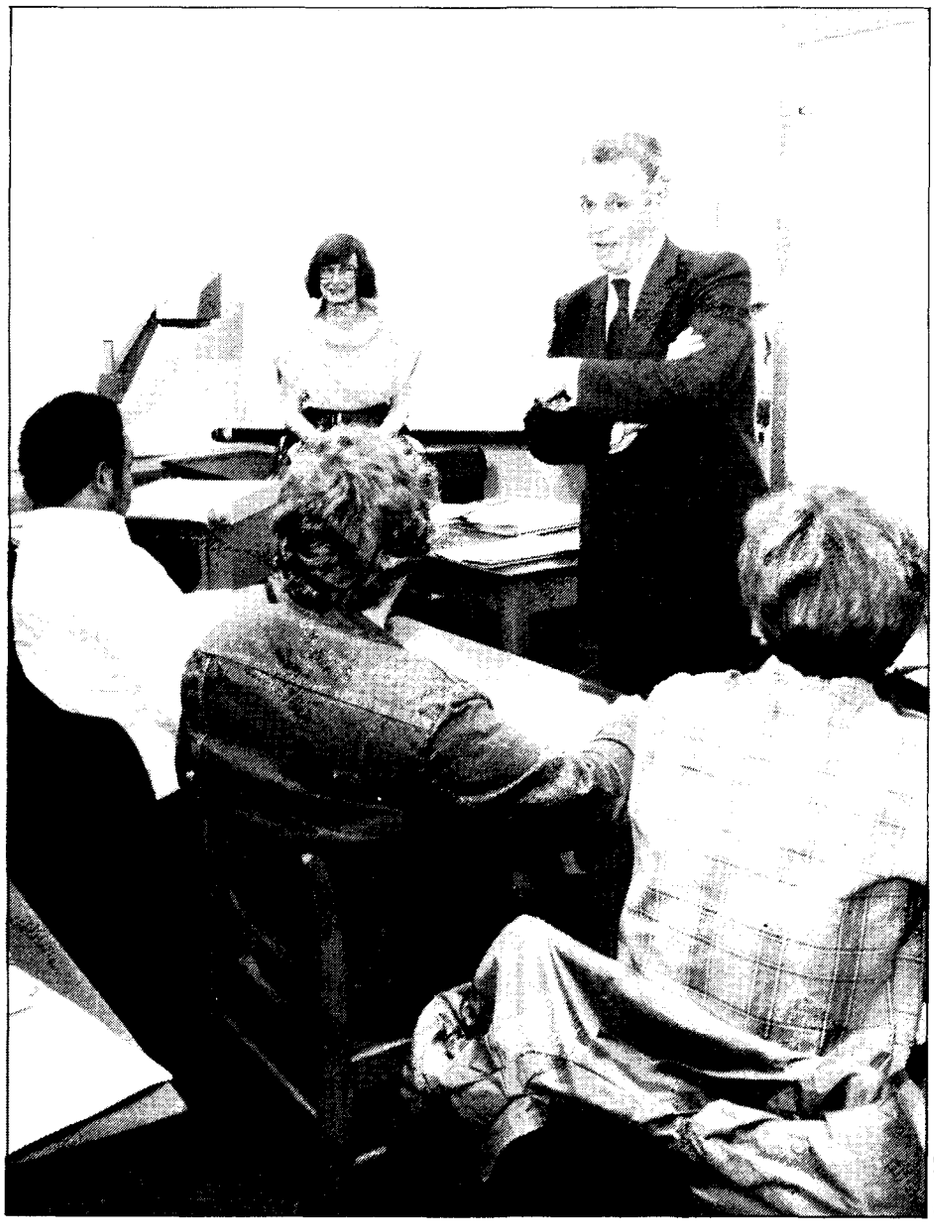

David Rose

'And of course, philosophy students will appreciate that no study of Aristotle would be complete without detailed reference to the medium-term financial strategy'

progress'. The new academic market might work for information technology but the philosophers and sociologists are not about to set up shop. After a stormy meeting senate threw out the proposals.

That was an important victory against the new *commercialisers*. It is the kind of challenge many higher education institutions will have to face in coming years. Their best strategy will lie not so much in slogans — the latest is 'Higher Education Our Bridge to the Future' — as in a united campaign which exposes the philistinism and unsound economics of Joseph's case against the system.

As Diana Warwick, general secretary of the Association of University Teachers (AUT), points out, universities are a great British success story, a fact the Tories seem to forget. On any kind of international comparison graduates are better, cheaper and quicker educated than in other comparable nations. Even on the Green Paper's own ludicrous attempt to measure an economic and social rate of return of under-graduate university degrees, the record is shown to be quite satisfactory. Another indepdendent study by Robin Marris, economics professor at Birkbeck College, London, shows the system to be both efficient and effective. Using various complex weighted averages Marris shows productivity by degrees awarded rose 2.5 per cent a year since the 1960s and 1 per cent a year measured by numbers of students taught.

SEVERAL HOLES can be blasted through the Green Paper. First there is the numbers game. The government says repeatedly it is very worried by shortages of skilled manpower. A recent MORI poll confirmed that 41 per cent of top businessmen see such shortages as the main constraint on product management and innovation, far above trade union problems or investment difficulties. A high-level study committee under John Butcher, the junior industry minister, underlined the problem. But the solution was a paltry £43m to create some 4,000 extra science and technology places. Arts and social science places are also being reduced and switched to science, though since the former are cheap and the latter very expensive, this is not a real solution either.

What the Green Paper ignores is the golden opportunity to use falling student numbers to expand the number of science and technology students entering the system. Instead the Green Paper still uses the lowest estimates on projected student demand even after its earlier, even lower, cooked statistics were well exposed by the AUT, the vice-chancellors and the Royal Society of Statistics. Blacks, women, mature students after second-chance opportunities, are all increasing the demand for tertiary education. The Green Paper however sets the seal on coming contraction with, projecting level demand until 1990, then a fall from 612,000 to 525,000 students in the system until 1997, when demand is projected to rise again. Yet, apart from Portugal and Ireland, Britain already has the lowest proportion of 18-year olds entering higher education of any European nation. In all, cuts in places have already deprived tens of thousands of well qualified students from entering the system.

The second flaw is equally obvious. If the government really wants to boost growth, then it should stop throttling its own research centres. Work currently being lost ranges from development of disease resistant crops to studies of technology aids for coal and oil exploration. Joseph might protest that the science budget is being protected, but the research 'floor' — the laboratories and equipment, technicians and test-tubes, in universities — is crumbling. At the same time the vital research budgets of Whitehall departments are shrinking fast.

The powerful science community has repeatedly bent Joseph's ear. His own science advisers have told him he is still being complacent. He seems to listen, yet 3,000 research council jobs will go by 1988, a third of the total, and up to one in three alpha rated research projects lie unsupported. His advisers stress that long term basic research is not 'dispensable luxury' but the means to competitive new industries.' Thus solid state physics underpins the electronics industry, optics has led to the laser industry, biotechnology has pioneered new antibodies products.

Even President Reagan has seen the light with US civil research and development up 30 per cent in five years. Jeremy Bray, Labour's science spokesperson, estimates a 25 per cent fall in overall science funding this decade, while military research has crept up to ove 50 per cent of our total research spending. A damaging new transatlantic brain drain has started.

TWO OTHER FLAWS can be pointed out. Universities are not the kind of institutions that can be run down in times of hardship and then revived when the economy has picked up. This seems to be what Joseph offers with his 'education for pleasure' syndrome, his deep bites out of the social sciences and humanities. They are clearly not dispensable pillars of the nation's culture.

Finally there is a very real danger of creeping centralised control over universities and colleges alike. Cuts bring with them new machinery to control and plan from the centre. Joseph should ponder the ideological contradictions of his growing state interference in campus life. The institutions must ponder their shrinking autonomy as the managers and accountants move in.

In fact this slim-line Green Paper is all about burying Robbins, the last major policy

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statement on higher education, published in 1963. Lord Robbins's report ran to 335 pages and five long and detailed appendix volumes packed with statistics and surveys. It laid the base of a huge expansion on the famous principle that all those qualified and able to benefit should be able to do so. The Green Paper now offers a new principle: those with ability to benefit should still have entry to advanced courses but as long as taxpayers' money is involved 'the benefit must be sufficient to justify the cost.'

All in all the Green Paper with its New Economic Policy aimed at creating a smaller, more elitist, more business-orientated, economically tough, and industrially subservient, system marks a watershed for higher education. The drip-effect of cuts, which incensed traditionally conservative-minded dons at Oxford to deny Mrs Thatcher her honorary degree earlier this year, continues apace. Universities have now been asked for cuts of two per cent a year 'until further notice'. And in the near future lurks a major confrontation over academic tenure which lecturers see as the only real safeguard to academic freedom. But Joseph sees tenure as a major obstacle to rationalisation, while other critics see it as a way of protecting 'dead wood'.

The outlook is gloomy. But the sheer philistinism and negativism provides a powerful bond to unite divergent groups — as Phil Woolas, the National Union of Students president, said recently, it is a strange but true fact that students and vice-chancellors are currently 'working together.' And the Green Paper has also presented higher education an important opportunity to take stock of its faults — elitism, narrow subject balance, undue specialisation, and middle class orientated entry systems — and develop an alternative vision of what a reformed system ought to be like.

The right note is being struck by Giles Radice, Labour's chief education spokesperson, who calls for expansion with change putting emphasis on widening access and increasing opportunity (*see box*), even though there is much work to be done on the detail and on securing a full commitment from the Shadow Cabinet.

By rights Joseph and Brooke ought to be agonising over the universal hostility already stirred by their consultation paper. Yet the same dire warnings were given to ministers before its publication in May, and they clearly did not listen. A Green Paper is meant to open up debate. This one is more about rationalising the arrival of monetarism on the campus.

Morale is low after some 10 years of chaotic, short-term, negative planning. Many university lecturers have voted with their feet, taking the early retirement bribes offered. But the dons at Oxford, and now Brunel, have shown that a stand can be taken, and Labour is planning its own campaign on campus. Joseph prides himself on listening to good arguments. There are plenty in store. They should see off the barbarians and usher in a better future. □

Submissions to the Green Paper should reach the Department of Education and Science, Elizabeth House, York Road, London SE1, by 31 January, 1986. A White Paper is promised in late 1986.

MILITANT TENDENCY

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS & INFLUENCE NOBODY

Neil Kinnock's explosive conference condemnations and the turmoil in its Liverpool power-base have shaken the Militant tendency, already suffering from a string of setbacks. JOHN McILROY reports

WHEN THE Labour Party's national executive met the week before the Bournemouth conference it upheld the expulsions of Bill Hopwood from Newcastle East Constituency Labour Party and Bill Mullins of Warley West. They join a growing list of those thrown out because of their support for Militant. Similar action has been taken in Blackburn, the Rhonnda and Mansfield. A typical case was a young Militant supporter Dougall McKinnon. When he was seen selling *Militant* in the town centre, Newcastle-under-Lyme Labour Party refused to ratify his transfer from his former constituency in Ayr. Those expelled are not all impetuous youths. Bill Mullins had some 14 years' party membership and extensive union experience in British Leyland.

Three members of Sittingbourne Labour Party in Kent are facing discipline for selling the paper. In Havant, the Militant-dominated Young Socialists have been disbanded. When two Militant supporters, Dave Wilson and Sharon McDermott, were elected to the District Labour Party, their constituency, Attercliffe, in Sheffield, took the line that Militant supporters were not entitled to hold office in the party. Last month three other Militant supporters were expelled by the constituency management committee for distributing literature and talking to the media.

Labour's Brecon and Radnor defeat, blamed on the Left, had its repercussions when Militant Chris Peace, who topped the poll in the constituency section, was expelled by the regional executive of the Welsh Labour Party. The move was partly inspired by George Wright, regional secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union.

Wright has called for a referendum of party members on the expulsion of Trotskyists. But he suffered a setback at the TGWU conference in June when delegates voted down moves to ban Militant supporters from office (despite attacks by Neil Kinnock on 'sectarians and splitters') in favour of an executive declaration opposing all 'bans, proscriptions and witch hunts'. The electricians' union (EETPU) conference decision calling for expulsion from the Labour Party of all full-time Militant workers was to be expected. But a powerfully-worded motion carried 5-1 at NUPE's conference in May was a big surprise. It stated that Militant as a separate organisation with its own programme and principles contravened Clause II of Labour's constitution and supported action against its disciples.

Andrew Wiard/Report

Ted Grant, chief guru of 'the tendency', who was expelled from the Labour Party in 1983

These attacks have coincided with other reverses for the tendency. Its most influential presence in the unions has been in the Civil and Public Services Association. Last year the CPSA 'Broad Left' was split by supporters of the Communist Party and Labour's 'soft Left' who claimed that Militant's bureaucratic control made it impossible for them to express their views. This year, Militant lost out as the right wing regained control of the union executive and its public enemy number one, Alistair Graham, was firmly back in the saddle.

AFTER THE TENDENCY'S euphoria over the two Militant MPs elected in 1983, the recent round of reselections has yielded bitter fruit. Careful nursing of Glasgow Provan made it Militant's best bet. Both secretary and chair of the party were supporters. At this year's AGM they both lost their positions, while the tendency's prospective parliamentary candidate, James Cameron, lost the nomination by a single vote to Strathclyde regional councillor, James Wray. In Glasgow Pollock, Militant's David Churchley went down to a Kinnock supporter while there were further reverses in East Kilbride and Gateshead East. In the Merseyside stronghold Militant failed to move its big guns to do battle with Frank Field

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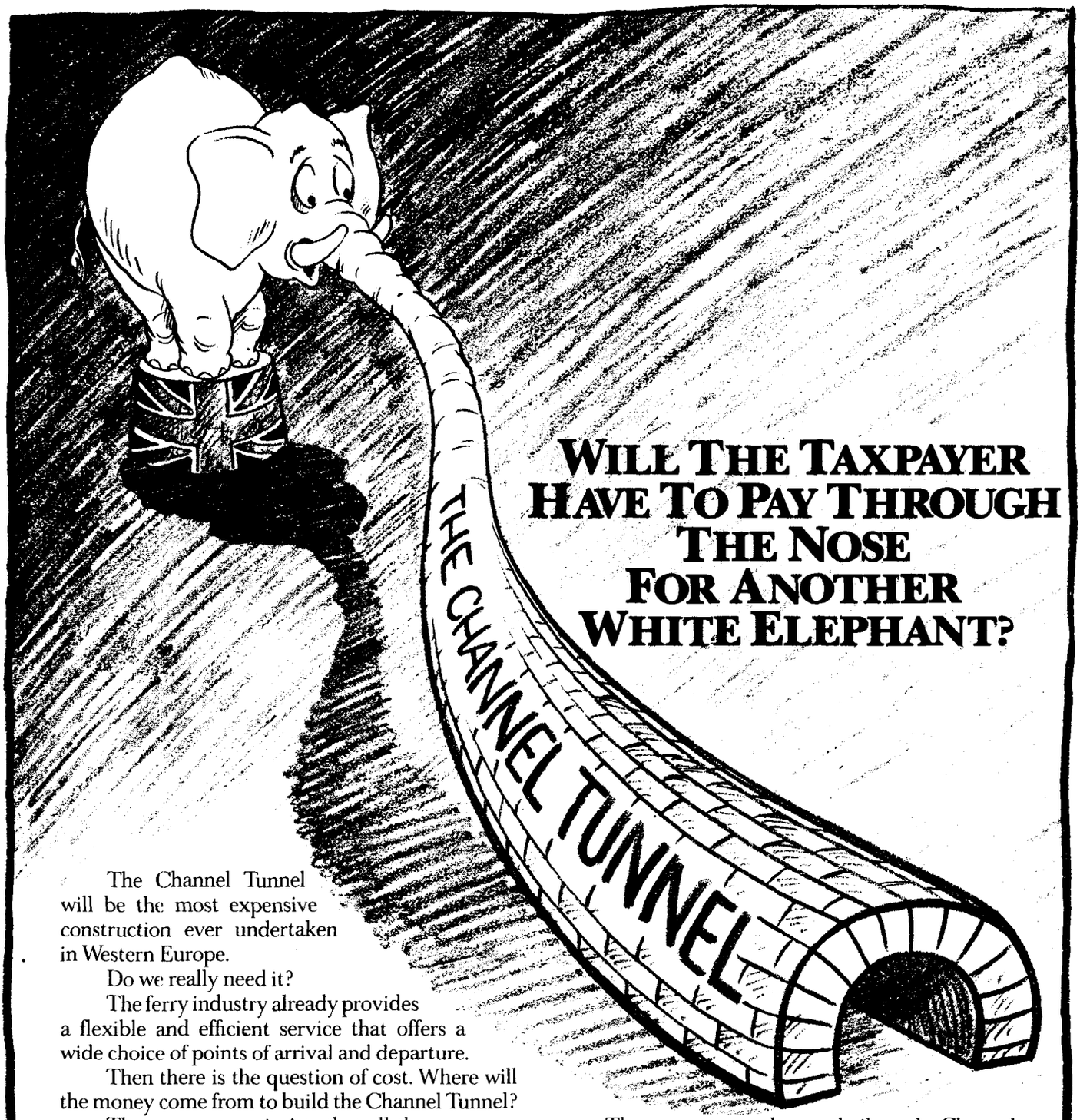

WILL THE TAXPAYER HAVE TO PAY THROUGH THE NOSE FOR ANOTHER WHITE ELEPHANT?

The Channel Tunnel will be the most expensive construction ever undertaken in Western Europe.

Do we really need it?

The ferry industry already provides a flexible and efficient service that offers a wide choice of points of arrival and departure.

Then there is the question of cost. Where will the money come from to build the Channel Tunnel?

The government insists that all the necessary funds will come from private sources.

But have these groups got all their sums right? Unforeseen events could drastically alter construction costs and future revenue predictions.

The combination of these uncertainties leads to the inevitable conclusion.

The taxpayer may have to bail out the Channel Tunnel or any fixed link.

If the Channel Tunnel proves to be an expensive and unnecessary investment, it could well turn into a white elephant.

And like an elephant, there are some things the taxpayer never forgets.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

The black hole that will put Britain in the red.

Flexilink

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and saw its nominee Cathy Wilson, drafted in from the Isle of Wight, well beaten. In Brighton, a Militant nursery since the 60s, Rod Fitch, who fought the 1983 election, was defeated.

If the Labour Party Young Socialists continues to be an impregnable bastion of Ted Grant's group, its insulation from the real concerns of young people was underscored by a Scottish Labour Party survey showing membership of about 700, or 10 per constituency, in an area strong in left-wing activism. Delegates to the April LPYS conference claimed that there were up to 50 fewer branches in attendance than in 1984 — Membership of the tendency seems to be stuck at around the 5,000 mark. And despite frantic fund raising, ambitious projects such as the weekly newspaper going daily remain unrealised.

FOR MILITANT the heat is on. The trickle of expulsions is likely to swell. Kinnock firmly believes that Militant cannot be left alone. Moreover, as Bournemouth emphasised, it is a useful stick with which to beat the wider Benn-Scargill Left, particularly if the first moves against Militant supporters come from the constituencies. Here Militant is often isolated by its own organisational exclusiveness, deep political differences with others on the Left and the rightward drift in the party.

Three years ago, *Tribune*, for example, adamantly opposed all administrative measures against the tendency. Today, in response to moves in the Isle of Wight against Militant supporters, *Tribune* distinguishes between administrative measures by local parties and by the national leadership. And it supports the former. Whereas in 1982 a wide spectrum of the Left established 'Labour Against the Witchhunt' to protect Militant, today's response is muted. But Militant is a pliant manoeuverer inured by 30 years' survival in hostile terrain. Its response too has been low key. Whilst in Wales it has launched a Labour Unit Campaign in other areas it has urged supporters not fight expulsions too ferociously for fear of more extended assaults.

Perhaps it is being realistic in relation to the kind of support it can count on from the old Left, with the Bennite current weakened by recent defections and its own dissensions. The disparate nature of the Campaign group of MPs is showing. It has failed so far to build any extra-parliamentary base in unions and constituencies. When *Labour Briefing* launched a unity initiative on the hard Left at the end of the miners' strike it was greeted by a distinct lack of enthusiasm. Militant did not respond. *Labour Herald* failed to attend the meeting, favouring its own campaign for a unified organisation. Both these moves were in turn described by *Socialist Action* as 'sectarian and ultra left'.

There seems little danger of a successful challenge to Kinnock's consolidation of control over the Left and the party in the run-up to the next election. Moreover, as he attempts to show Militant the door, the leader has a strange new ally. The Socialist Workers Party has suggested that Militant should voluntarily evacuate the Labour Party and join the SWP in an open revolutionary grouping. Ted Grant may be forgiven for murmuring 'with friends like these . . .' □

FIRE BRIGADES FEAR LOSS OF NEUTRALITY

Camera Press

Water cannon turned on demonstrators in West Germany — could firefighters yet be asked to do the same in Britain?

Handsworth, Brixton, and now Tottenham threaten the fire brigades with the appearance, or even the reality, of a law-enforcement function. SUE BALDING reports

OTHER THAN criticisms about initiation ceremonies getting out of hand, and reluctance to share employment with women or Blacks, the fire brigade have far outstripped police in retaining public and political confidence as a genuine *service* — the more-than-acceptable face of *macho*, where male strength is placed, as in other life-saving services, at the disposal of anyone at risk.

On Sunday night (6 October) fire fighters dragged PC Blakelock from the north London mob in Tottenham, and rushed him to hospital on a fire-fighting appliance, where he died of multiple stab and machete wounds. He in turn had been seeking to protect firemen from attack as they tackled the Broadwater Farm estate fires, which threatened people trapped in their homes. Police and fire-fighting services *have* to liaise on the ground at the scene of any emergency, and be ready to go to one another's assistance. But riot poses extraordinary threats to the immunity of the fire brigades from the kinds of attack or resentments to which police are liable, whether because of provocation police have already offered or 'innocently', as the declared front-line of Law and Order.

Since 1981 (Brixton and Toxteth riots) anxiety about the 'politicisation' of the fire brigades in civil disturbances has repeatedly surfaced both inside and outside the service. The 'hot autumn', as it's now turned into, of '85 — Handsworth 9-10 September, Brixton again 28 September — and where next? — brings to a new peak the fear that the traditional neutral role of the 'life-saver' may be jeopardised in the inner city.

As long ago (so it seems now) as 1982 the Fire Brigades Union (FBU) in annual conference 'viewed with dismay' the fact that fire fighters had been associated with the police and the army as a law enforcement agency. The conference affirmed its job as 'assisting the public in an emergency not as a back up to the police or army ' In doing so it reinforced the stance taken by the FBU since its inception: that the fire service be clearly demarcated from the police force.

The most recent example of apprehension that the demarcation of getting blurred was at the normal tranquil proceedings of Henley Regatta. Fearing an 'anarchist invasion' this summer, police requested extra fire cover. Fire crews were instructed by their chief officers to fit visors onto the windscreens of their vehicles to make them riot proof. Crews refused. They were threatened with disciplinary action unless they signed forms of indemnity.

In support of its members, the FBU enlisted shadow Home Secretary Gerald Kaufman to clarify their stand with the Home Office. A national executive member recalls: 'During '82 we'd had discussions with the Home Office and it was generally agreed then that we wouldn't "dress up" [with riot proofing]. We wanted the Home Office to say to the police "back off", but we weren't very happy with their response. Only eventually did we get instructions: police and fire vehicles were to be parked in separate compounds.'

THE LAST RECORDED incident of fire fighters — then working as part of the police authority — engaging in crowd control was 31 October 1930, when firemen turned their hoses on a march of unemployed in Manchester.

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Since the service became a civilian operation fire fighters have categorically refused to use hoses in public disturbances. Yet rumours abound of requests to do so by police in Toxteth and Bristol. It is officially denied that such requests were made, but the rumours at least indicate a general unease among fire fighters about being pushed into a new role. Police have discussed the use of water cannons in future disturbances.

When police tested their own water cannon at Hendon there were strong objections from the FBU that the equipment was painted in the traditional fire service red. Similar protests have been made over the use by the police Diplomatic Patrol Group of red cars with blue flashing lights. A Home Office order of 1982 was supposed to clarify the fire fighters' position. It instructs crews: 'Do not get involved in police activity (crowd control etc)' Police cannot instruct crews to enter or leave a riot area. Any decision to do so is taken by a senior fire officer. The brief is to go in where lives are believed to be at risk. Police — except in such a terrible instance as PC Blakelock's rescue — ride on their vehicles. The service is agreed that its members' own safety is at risk if the public see it as linked to the police. It quotes as an example Northern Ireland where there have been *no* serious injuries to fire crews.

Recent events have underlined this. A Liverpool branch secretary recalls the first night of the Toxteth riots, when fire engines went in behind the police: 'We had some very odd radio communications like "advancing down Parliament Street" — but when Lodge Lane burned the police were doing battle outside and we went in and completed fifteen rescues. That first night hardened our attitude that we couldn't operate as a fire brigade if we were seen as part of the police force.'

FBU executive member for Merseyside Mick Lawson shares that view: 'The only time we came under attack was when the police tried to protect us.' His own, representative, fear is that the fire service may yet be pressured into crowd control. 'During the disturbance in Toxteth petrol bombs were being thrown and we were putting out policemen, as well as houses. It highlighted the need that government may see of deploying the fire service to back up the role of the police.'

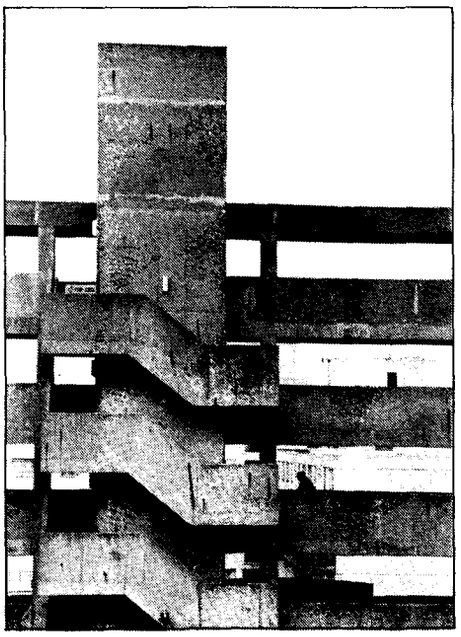
New joint boards to be set up in April next year threaten to place a civil defence job on the fire fighter's shoulders. Executive committee member for East Anglia, Terry Segars: 'The Home Office is pushing quite hard on the civil defence side, and by linking us they're attempting to turn us into a militarised service. This government may well have a law and order role they want us to play.' A London branch secretary: 'Just look at the practicalities. We've got 114 stations. We can get to any A risk area in three to five minutes. We could be part of a sealing off operation. I would be very surprised if there weren't voices in the Home Office saying, we've got the fire service — why don't we use it?'

Well founded or not, fears of a shove from government are there. A union representative: 'I believe the Home Office isn't very happy with us because we're a major uniformed service with the sort of equipment that would be useful in a civil disturbance'. A branch officer: 'The minute police take hoses off a fire engine, the minute you don riot gear, you become a legitimate target for attack in the eyes of rioters'.

A Community Fire Prevention Programme was set up following the 1981 riots in an attempt by the fire service to promote their image in local communities. For their integrity and their safety could depend on how they are allowed to do their job in the inner cities. □

ON THE ESTATE

'AND THIS I SAW'



Barrie Lewis/Network

Broadwater Farm estate (above) was the target of a months-long police operation against reputed dealing and fencing before the lid blew off on Sunday, says NICK WRIGHT

A WEEK AGO last Tuesday, five days before riot took its turn in Tottenham, tension on the Broadwater Farm estate rose thanks to a clumsy vehicle stop-and-search operation directed mainly at black motorists using the estate approach roads. Even some local police were unhappy that this 'piece of silliness' was disrupting a far longer low-profile 'targeting and surveillance' designed to identify dealers in drugs — and to a lesser extent in stolen property — displaced by police operations in Hackney and elsewhere, and believed by police to have shifted to Broadwater Farm estate.

Estate dwellers have learned the hard way to have a flourishing grapevine, and a wary disrepect for outside interference. This Monday (7 October), the night after the riot, estate youth association members possessed enough personal authority and political confidence to order outsiders off, and even to move the police around. This I saw. One account has it that dope dealers were similarly seen off in the week preceding. Bernie Grant, Haringey council leader (elected earlier this year, and London's first black council leader), underlined this confidence when he discounted suggestions that events were directed by outside agitators. The anger was out *on the estate*; word moved fast *on the estate* from the moment of Mrs Cynthia Jarrett's death in her home there on the Saturday.

No subsequent developments alter an uncomfortable truth for the local police chief, deputy assistant commissioner (DAC) Mike Richards, that it was in the course of a raid on her home by his subordinates — who were searching for stolen property — that Mrs Jarrett died, apparently of heart-failure. An enquiry into what exactly occurred is being made, as usual, not by an agency wholly external to the police, but by another force (Peter Simpson, Essex assistant chief constable). The inquest opened and was adjourned this week. It was a fatality occurring to a black woman in her own home during a police entry which precipated the riot, just as the injuries to Mrs Cherry Groce in her home in the course of a police raid in Brixton precipitated the riot there.

The inescapable fact underpins the near-universal demand now in the locality for the sacking of DAC Mike Richards. In the words of Haringey council police committee chair Cllr Steve Banerji: 'Responsibility means the top man carries the can'. Spectacular insensitivity had already marked the management of Haringey police over recent years. The former commander was lately described by a police inspector at a Tottenham neighbourhood watch meeting as 'prehistoric'. He flatly refused even to talk to the council's police committee or its chair. DAC Richards, who has taken over in a Metropolitan Police reorganisation, initially maintained this line, but eventually agreed to meet Steve Banerji. A small scale meeting to discuss 'how the police will consult with the council as required by Section 106 of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act 1985' had even been planned in the week that preceded the riot.

However, without first meeting the council, Richards went ahead with the second meeting of his consultative group and elected a committee, minus council participation. Even more revealingly, he refused to talk to the council's police committee about joint moves to combat racial harassment. And this despite a joint call from Sir Kenneth Newman, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, and the Commission for Racial Equality for councils, voluntary groups and others to set aside any general differences they might have with the police to fight racial attacks.

WHILE ALL THIS reveals something about the local police management, it's no explanation for last Sunday's fighting. An explanation for that can only be found in the well documented conditions of life experienced by Tottenham's working people, if not by their rulers. Indeed, Colin Crouch, the Tottenham chief superintendent, shows a bit more perception than his superiors. He understood the anger of the crowd outside his station and preferred an encounter there — in the wide open High Road. ▷

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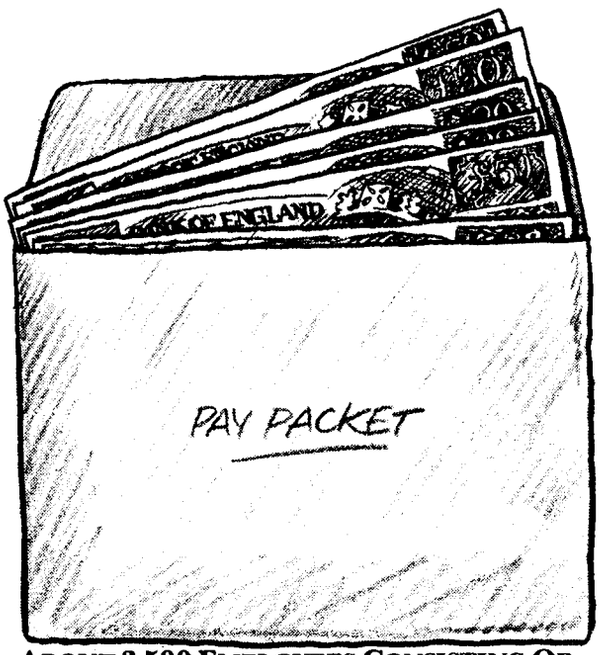

ABOUT 3,500 EMPLOYEES CONSISTING OF:

Tunnel Operations Staff

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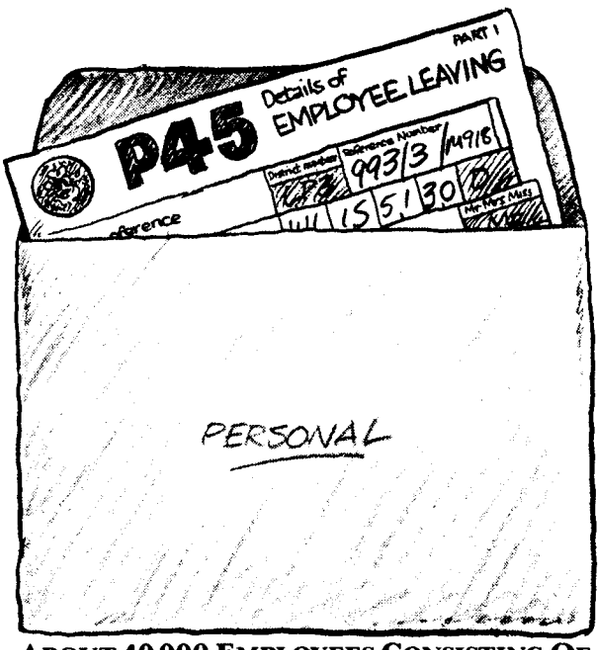

ABOUT 40,000 EMPLOYEES CONSISTING OF:

Deck officers
Engineers
Radio officers
Pursers
Deck hands
Stewards
Chefs
Shop assistants
Barmen
Cleaners
Administrators
Telephonists
Mooring hands
Traffic hands
Checkpoint attendants
Fitters
Electricians
Carpenters
Metal workers
Freight loaders
Booking staff
Communications staff
Maintenance staff
Ship builders
Ship repairers

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Last Sunday a small but very emotional crowd of those who knew Cynthia Jarrett and her family demonstrated outside Tottenham police station, while two miles away in the borough's West Indian Centre a shocked and angry meeting heard Bernie Grant, Steve Banerji and Martha Osamor of Haringey police monitoring group called for an enquiry into Mrs Jarrett's death. Speaker after speaker made the connection between the shooting of Mrs Groce and Mrs Jarrett. 'Every time the police break down a door we fear the death of another mother,' said one.

It was when coachloads of riot police ran into youths who were leaving the Broadwater Farm Estate after deciding, at their mass meeting, to demonstrate at Tottenham police station, that fighting first broke out. Police Support Units arriving from all directions, and seemingly without central coordination, disembarked their helmeted occupants, who advanced on the youth beating their shields. This too I saw. Police not only had to contend with youth from the estate. I was caught in a crossfire of bricks as people in the surrounding terraced streets came upon the police from the rear.

The police like to pretend that they do things by the book. They'd be less than human to pretend otherwise. But the facts of last Sunday underline the extent to which most policing is hostage to the rule that conflict is inevitable when scrappy command and control effectively condition the encounter between the guardians of the social order and its sub-ordinate class.

Earlier last Sunday, I was travelling with Dolly Kiffin, the most charismatic and pivotal figure in the Broadwater Farm youth association, from the demonstration outside the police station to the meeting at the West Indian Centre. I was reminded again of the specifically local features which form the background to this riot. Speaking of Mrs Jarrett's death, she said, 'Three years' work threatened'. She went over and over the immense efforts made by people on the estate to overcome their problems. She knows the Jarrett family: 'They're well known, well liked'. □

Nick Wright is head of Haringey council police research unit.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. For the next few weeks, winners will also receive a Pet Hate effigy (see p. 4)

Mrs Betty Cox, a 'meals-on-wheels' lady of Church Road, was given an absolute discharge by Magistrates at Glastonbury yesterday for a parking offence — leaving her car overlapping a bus stop while she delivered a meal to the 87-year-old father of the traffic warden who booked her. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

Police investigating a murder in Glasgow's South side found a large, dark stain on the pavement. A uniformed officer was stationed to 'guard' it, and while doing so he was approached by two men who thought they could help him with his inquiries. Eventually the officer was persuaded to hearken to the two men, who turned out to be Chinese. 'We dropped a bottle of soy sauce here last night,' they admitted. — *The Scotsman* (R. M. Simpson)

SWEET WILLOW

OH, WHEN WILL ENGLAND DRAW STUMPS FOR GOOD?

JOAN SMITH, for whom the ball tolls every summer, calls down a plague on flannelled fools

THE ENGLISH CRICKET SEASON has drawn to a close. Radio Three is free once more of elderly gentlemen reminiscing about the lost days of their golden youth. The egg-shaped lump on my lover's forehead, sustained in his last match, has begun to subside. I sigh with relief. It is all over for another year.

But wait. I sigh too soon. The elderly gentlemen of Radio Three are packing up their memories and departing for Sri Lanka, or Australia, or Pakistan, lest we be deprived of the eternal sound of leather on willow in the dark days of the English winter. My lover's diary is already growing fat with the dates of 'nets' at Lords where he will prepare for next year's rainy Sunday afternoons at Blackheath and at Hainault. And in faraway Russia, the *Guardian's* Moscow correspondent is trying to entice Kim Philby out of seclusion with the most alluring bait he has yet been able to devise — video-taped highlights of this summer's English test matches.

What can it all mean? The fact of one man, egged on by ten friends, throwing a very hard ball at another man, who is allowed only one friend with him on the grass, while his other friends lurk in a nearby building, is insufficient explanation for the obsessional hold enjoyed by cricket. There must be more to it than that. And, of course, there is. Cricket performs vital functions for English men and, by extension, all those who are brought up in actual or cultural proximity to them — Pakistanis, West Indians, Australians, Indians, Sri Lankans, New Zealanders.

But these functions are so important, and so unsettling in what they reveal about the nature of *Englishmen*, that they are usually concealed under the useful pretence that cricket is only a game. This is an extraordinarily successful piece of humbug. What it obscures is the fact that cricket is the perfect model for the Englishman's way of life.

THAT THIS IS SO emerges in overt form on rare occasions. During the First World War, many a young Englishman was sent off to the front with exhortations from his elders to 'Keep a straight bat'. It took some time for the generation of Rupert Brooke to rumble the facts that old-fashioned notions of honour meant little in the carnage of trench warfare, and that the war was more than a protracted test match in which the players would live to fight another day. But such direct collisions with reality are dangerous: the notion that cricket is just a game quickly reasserts itself in spite of all the evidence that its role goes far beyond that.

If you are prepared to observe the rules, the advantages are tremendous. You are accepted into a club, a club which jealously guards its privileges against possible interlopers. It is at this point that people get most mixed up about cricket; they point to the fact that working-class, and foreign, people are admitted to the club, and ask how on earth it can be described as exclusive. The answer is two-fold. First, the people who are allowed into the club only get into it if they accept the basic code of behaviour. The first peson to recite Sir Henry Newbolt's famous exhortation to me, from the poem *Vitaï Lamparda*, was not my lover, who has an impeccable public school background, but my father. He was then a gardener in the local parks department, his own father was a miner, but when I was four my mother took me to watch him playing cricket and he recited Newbolt's 'Play up! Play up! and play the game!' Cricket is a means of asserting upper middle-class values, not destroying them.

But the most obvious way in which cricket is exclusive is in terms of the sex of the players. Unlike say, tennis, women's cricket has never really caught on. It remains a game in which men band together and play with other men. Thus it feeds two of the prime appetites of masculinity. Masculinity stems not from strength but from weakness. It is a set of beliefs which allows men to feel good about themselves without having to prove their worth.

BECAUSE, in spite of all that masculine bluster about men being strong and women being weak, men are really fearful that the opposite is true; they seek out ways to escape women and to band together with other men. Cricket legitimises the demarcation by men of yet another time and space where they can be free of women and united with other men. In order to discourage women from penetrating their masculine preserve, cricketers have evolved their own vocabulary. Every sport has its own language, but few can boast so developed and incomprehensible a code as cricket. 'Boundary' and 'leg stump' are just about decipherable; what about mid-on, silly mid-on, square leg, googly, seam bowler, third man, slip, gully, extra cover, maiden, box, chinaman, leg break?

If you are, like me, baffled by these terms then well done — that's what you're *meant* to be. And in case women refuse to be deterred by these semantic tricks, there's always outright prohibition to fall back on. At Lords, women are not allowed into the pavilion. When a London radio station sent a female reporter into this male fastness earlier this summer, the reaction of one of the members she interviewed brought to life the phrase 'apoplectic with rage'.

So there you are. Good old cricket, the thwack of leather on willow. Brian Johnston, Henry Blofeld and Christopher Martin-Jenkins sharing a home-made cake in the commentary box — oops, missed that one, surely he can't have been lbw? Long summer afternoons in which the sun has yet to set on the British empire. After all, life is only a game. □

Author's footnote: *none of the above is to be taken as a reflection on the* New Statesman *cricket team or any of its members, especially the author's lover.*

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MEDIA

Hard news —or people who need people

MANDY MERCK

ANOTHER SEASON of party conferences, another round of the old personality cults, and yet more exposés of how these cults are created.

Last year, while the *Newsnight* applause-o-meter relentlessly logged party leaders' ovations, *World In Action* astonished viewers with the revelation that even working-class housewives could, with just a few months of intensive drama coaching, become stars of the SDP conference. This year, for every headline of the NEIL'S A KNOCKOUT! variety, we are offered the inevitable inside story in the style of the *Listener*'s digest of last week's *Panorama*, 'The Marketing of Neil Kinnock'.

Given the refurbishments down at Walworth Road, 1985's inquiries into 'image making' have been redirected from Gordon Reece to Larry Whitty, but the discoveries are almost identical: a new hairstyle for the candidate and a move from lighter shades to dark blue/the careful orchestration of television appearances/Brahms's First in the background/ebullient computerised (gasp) market research/etcetera.

Such reports allow us a *frisson* of intimacy with politicians and a sense of moral superiority at the same time. But, far from challenging the emphasis on personality, they maintain it — forever attempting to haul the real Neil out from underneath the hype. This in turn allows other commentators to ponder 'the personalisation of politics' (see John Cole in the same week's *Listener*) or to issue jeremiads about the inflated role of celebrity in Western culture.

The rise of personality journalism, like many bad things, is often attributed to the influence of television and the United States — the 'Americanisation' of campaigning, 'Presidential' politics. This may have a certain pertinence during British party conferences, those ultimate non-events in which the votes (if any) are in before the issues are even debated. Faced with this sort of dramatic potential, journalism invents a narrative about Mastery, in which the conference is defined as an unruly collection of contingencies over which the Leader must exercise personal control: CAN THATCHER WORK HER MAGIC ON PARTY JITTERS? (4 October *Guardian*).

CRITICS of the British tabloids, like Tom Baistow in his forthcoming anatomy of Fleet Street*, explain this tendency towards over-dramatisation in terms of structural constraints. Splash headlines and huge pictures on a vertical format composed almost automatically into a poster-style front page, with the actual lead article functioning merely as a caption. (The *Sun* could only fit 122 words under ROCK IS DEAD on 3 October.) But if layout inclines the tabloids towards *Sun*sational celebrity-mongering, what pushes the qualities in the same direction? What don't the *Sunday People* and the *Sunday Times* 'People' have in common? And why was the *Guardian*'s 'Saturday People' recently cloned into a daily column?

A new American study of 'The Culture of Celebrity', Richard Shickel's *Common Fame***, describes such developments as a response to the proliferation of information in which simplifying symbols are required to make sense of 20th century data overload. As a latter-day situationist, Schickel rails against the spectacle of political personifications competing for the public's attention while the real deals go down backstage.

The media, he argues, have become our true community: 'No other . . . imparts the same feeling that we are connected with large, significant, exciting events'.

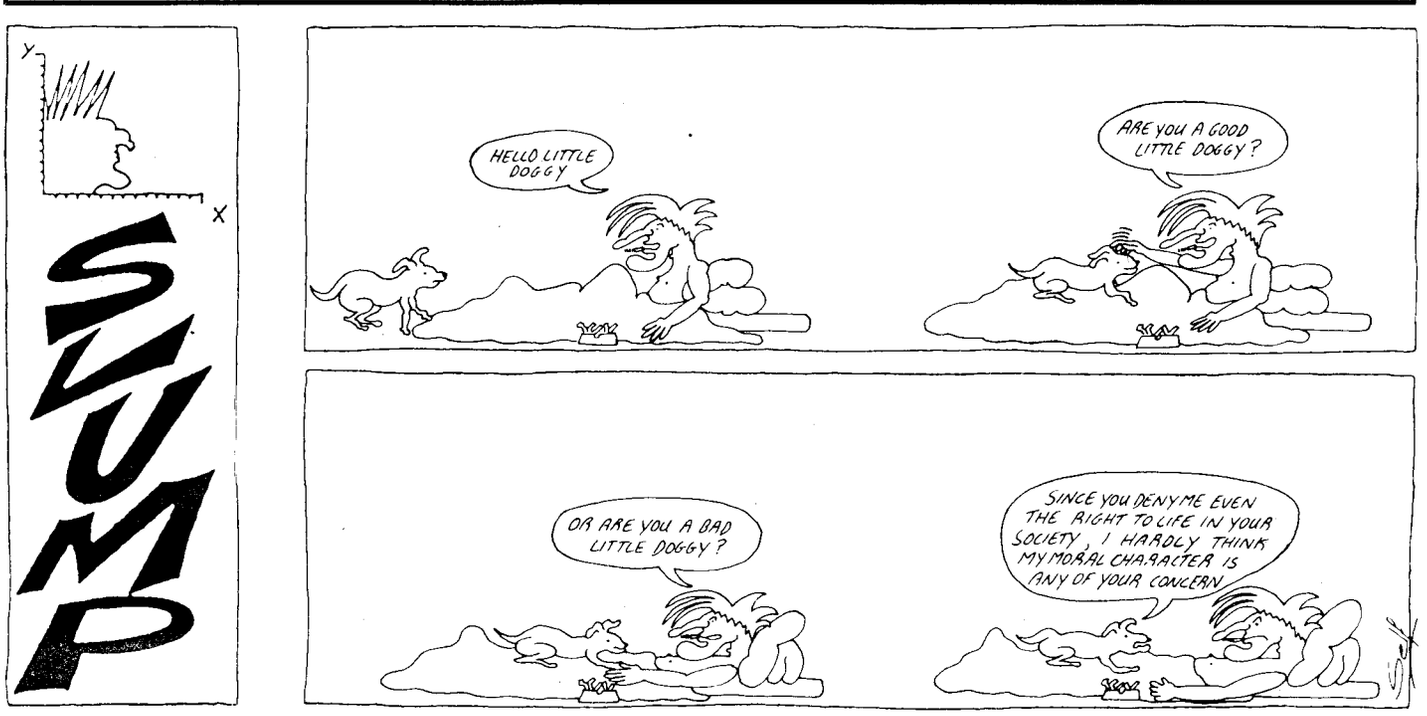
People want to be in the know, says Schickel, but all we can know about is people. Journalism continually offers us 'current affairs', dramas of individual character and agency, rather than analyses of impersonal forces. Thus our insistence on leaders who can be seen to '*do* something', and the division in the polls between the popularity of a given politician and her party's policies.

This seems to me an engaging argument, but also a deeply American one. First, it assumes that information about VIPs' personal conduct is easily available, neither suppressed by libel laws nor Official Secrets Acts. Second, it was not composed in a country whose political commentators spend much of their time debating the transcendent powers of a personification called Thatcherism, to which even some Marxist structuralists attribute an awesome efficiency.

In this week of Cecil's shame and Kinnock's kingship the personal has never seemed so political, even if Lady Falkender will remind *Mail on Sunday* readers that Labour recently 'changed its constitution to rid itself of the cult of personality' and that 'Neil's oratory . . . told us little of how a Labour Government would work.' She should know, of course, but what about the rest of us? □

Fourth-Rate Estate, Tom Baistow, Comedia, £3.95.

**Common Fame*, Richard Schickel, Pavilion, £10.95.


Y
X
SLUMP
HELLO LITTLE DOGGY
ARE YOU A GOOD LITTLE DOGGY?
OR ARE YOU A BAD LITTLE DOGGY?
SINCE YOU DENY ME EVEN THE RIGHT TO LIFE IN YOUR SOCIETY, I HARDLY THINK MY MORAL CHARACTER IS ANY OF YOUR CONCERN

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DIARY

Michael Leapman

The hard Left have been a bit shaken by Kinnock's Bournemouth assault, but they will not, of course, fade away. Arthur Scargill was as perky and persevering as ever last Saturday at Jubilee Gardens, next to County Hall, when he attended the unveiling by Michael Foot of the new memorial to those who fought in the International Brigades in Spain between 1936 and 1939. Nearly all the 140 surviving British 'brigaders' were there, many in jaunty black berets. The divine powers had indicated their approval of the project by arranging for the rain to hold off until just after the touching ceremony was over. While the softer guests (Norman Willis, Jack Jones, Ron Todd *et al*) scurried to keep dry and refresh themselves at the official reception, Scargill stayed on in the wet, signing autographs until there was nobody left who wanted one. The bronze monument cost £35,000, more than half of it contributed by the trade union movement and most of the rest by the last-gasp Greater London Council. It is appropriately reminiscent of the inspirational sculpture of the 1930s, with giant limbs and sinews linked in brotherhood, topped by a hand giving the Brigade's clenched fist salute. It is by Ian Walters, who is working on a statue of Nelson Mandela to grace the other end of the gardens, as the GLC's final act of sculptural solidarity with brave causes.

○

As Richard Gott pointed out in his report of the ceremony in Monday's *Guardian*, the GLC — in the autumn of its life — is sprinkling Jubilee Gardens with uplifting socialist monuments to ensure that its spirit, at least, survives abolition. Gott's report was in other respects peculiarly sloppy. He has been the *Guardian*'s features editor for so many years that he has forgotten the basic rules of reporting. Number one is always to write down people's names. He told us: 'One [speaker] talked of the "anti-fascist struggle".' That happened to be Bill Alexander, chairman of the memorial appeal and former commander of the British Battalion. Worse, Gott referred to 'an old grey-haired woman' reviving memories of Medical Aid for Spain. That was no less a figure than the distinguished academic Dame Janet Vaughan. As if that was not rude enough, he went on to report that 'Michael Foot appeared as though from the dead'. He looked perfectly fit and vigorous to me. If one of Gott's minions had turned in such an inadequate piece of copy, he would have rightly sent it straight back, with suitably acid comments in the margin.

○

Last time I wrote about Ted Knight in this space, Lambeth Council's leader was limbering up for his epic battle with the government over rate-capping. He was confident that all the capped Labour councils would stick to their pledge to refuse to set a rate and that the Environment Secretary would be forced to climb down. Assuming he was right about what the other councils would do, I shared his optimism; but, as soon as they began to crumble and set legal rates, it was clear that Lambeth and Liverpool alone could not defeat the Tories.

That is not to say that Lambeth, like most of inner London, could not use a lot more money to deal with the formidable housing and social needs highlighted by the Brixton and Tottenham riots. But the lesson of the rate-capping debacle is that these needs can only be met with the election of a Labour government. That is why I and some other party members in Lambeth were furous at Knight's intemperate personal attack on Neil Kinnock after his triumphant speech on the Tuesday of the Bournemouth conference. Knight accused Kinnock of sacrificing principles to feed his ambition of becoming Prime Minister — and added that he would sooner not see a Labour victory if it meant betraying the people who elected him. Just who is betraying whom? Knight is already girding his loins for next year, when he forecasts a massive shortfall in revenue. He is trying to insure against backsliding by making prospective candidates at next year's borough elections commit themselves to group policy even if it involves acting illegally.

○

Clash of fixtures on Monday night for people concerned with official secrecy. While the Glasgow Media Group's Open Space programme, *War and Peace News*, was on television, the mole Clive Ponting was speaking at the London Freelance Branch of the National Union of Journalists. I had my family record the sound track of the TV programme, while I went to hear Ponting. Both he and the Glasgow people made the same point about the Westminster lobby system being one of the most effective instruments of government secrecy, by providing a channel for propagating a sanitised version of events while concealing embarrassing truths. Some of us have been saying that for years, but there is no chance of the system being changed so long as the press acquiesces in it. Even its sternest critics in opposition find it irresistibly handy when they gain office.

○

It was characteristically maladroit of the BBC to censor the Glasgow group's programme, especially as the whole point of the Open Space slot is to give minority views the freedom of the airwaves. The Beeb's management emerged well from the *Real Lives* fiasco, where they stood firm by the principle of freedom of expression and against censorship. Now they are saying it is a fine principle so long as it does not strike too close to home. The programme makers planned to quote from a leaked transcript of a BBC meeting discussing guidelines for the Falklands coverage. Assistant director-general Alan Protheroe complained that the extracts were selective. Surely the most effective response to selective quotation is full disclosure? Instead, Protheroe managed to get the worst of both worlds by banning the documents and then allowing the Glasgow people to abuse the BBC for it on screen.

○

In current media jargon, that sort of thing is known as shooting yourself in the foot. I am launching a one-person campaign against that cliché on the grounds that it means almost the opposite of what is usually intended. Shooting themselves in the foot is something battle-shy soldiers are said to have done when they were too terrified to face the enemy. The point is that it was a *deliberate* act, involving minor damage to the person so as to avoid a greater horror. The phrase today is generally used to describe an act that *unwittingly* harms the perpetrator. Pedants of the world, unite.

ROGER WODDIS

Advice for the work-shy

'I know what unemployment is like — and a lot of it is getting off your backside and finding a job.' — Jeffrey Archer

I know what it's like because I've been there,
I wasn't always a millionaire.
Four hundred grand I owed at a guess,
Not a penny more, not a penny less.

But did I sit down and reach for a glass?
Good Margaret, no, I got off my arse.
I landed a job in a West End hotel
As a washer of dishes, and did it damn well.

At least that's my story, though I ought to record
My old Brasenose boss gave me free bed and board.
I wrote my first book and thereafter became
The tiniest-room-in-the-household name.

To keep me afloat against incoming tides
I flogged my two homes and my Daimler besides.
That nice David Owen put in a good word,
Which put me ahead of the rest of the herd.

As deputy chairman and Norman's right hand
I've dropped a few clangers, but please understand,
As author, investor and entrepreneur
I'd take any job if it glorified Her.

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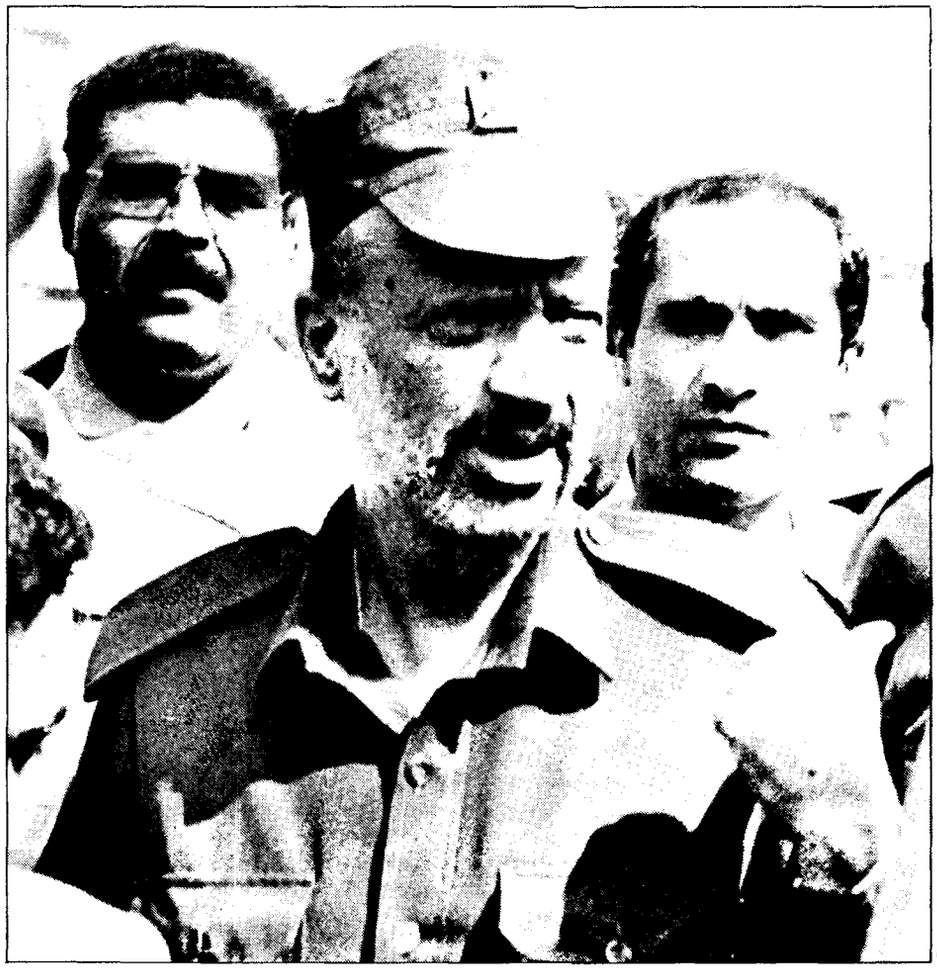

Popperfoto

Yasser Arafat, PLO leader: bombed by his enemies, sold out by his friends

ALL-OUT DEFENCE

The Americans must have known in advance of Israel's air strike against PLO headquarters in Tunisia, says CLAUDIA WRIGHT. But was Jordan's King Hussein the real target?

Washington

A SMALL GROUP of US officials had known for some time about the Israeli plan to attack the PLO headquarters in Tunisia on 1 October. They approved it in principle for several reasons.

Prime Minister Shimon Peres and Defence Minister Yitzhak Rabin convinced the Reagan Administration that there had to be a major Israeli retaliation to protect the government from charges that it had 'gone soft' on terrorism. Only after such a strike, the Israelis argued, could Peres afford the risk of opening the negotiations with Jordan for which the Administration has been pressing King Hussein for several months.

An Israeli blow at the PLO leadership also offered the bonus to the White House that it could discreetly claim credit for it with the Republican right wing. The result was that Washington was expecting an Israeli attack — and had at least 36 hours warning of the target and timing. This was roughly the time it took for the aircraft carrier *USS Saratoga* and ships of the Sixth Fleet to get out of the Israeli attack route and into port at Naples. They arrived there on 29 September, two days before the Israeli raid, and put to sea again on 2 October.

It is impossible that the Israeli attackers followed their course between Israel and Tunisia unseen by the Americans. It is militarily inconceivable that orders authorised by the White House and Pentagon were not despatched in advance of the 1 October raid to US radar units based in Cyprus, Crete and Sicily. In the normal course of events, the Sixth Fleet at sea would have had at least 3 hours warning by radar of the Israeli attack and would almost certainly have scrambled aircraft to intercept and monitor the Israeli formation.

The formation itself was probably more than double the eight F-15s identified in Washington as the bombers used in the actual attack. One or two slow-flying fuel tankers, with fighter escorts, and an even slower electronic surveillance and guidance aircraft, the ED-2 'Hawkeye', also with fighter escort, would have been detected by US radars atop Mount Troudos in Cyprus as soon as they left the Israeli coast, heading for their Mediterranean rendezvous in advance of the much faster F-15s. These too would have been identified and tracked from Mount Troudos, by US radars on Crete and from the sophisticated long-range radars based on the southern tip of Sicily, near the Cruise missile site at Domiso.

In all, US ground radars would have tracked this highly unusual flight of 16 to 20 aircraft for several hours. Only with advance warning and a high-level political decision would US interceptors have remained on the ground while the Israeli armada flew in to Tunis. US claims to have seen nothing are as incredible as the similar denials in 1981, when the Israelis attacked the Iraqi nuclear reactor near Baghdad. Pentagon officials now concede that the US monitored that raid — in a few months they will concede as much about this one.

The Administration's calculation was that the Tunisian government is so desperate for US arms (President Bourguiba had asked for another billion dollars' worth when he was in Washington in June) and for US protection against Libya and internal rebellion that government protests from Tunis would not alter Tunisia's dependence on Washington nor threaten Washington's friends in Tunis. That much of the calculation has so far proved correct.

THE REAL FOCUS of the US and Israeli plan, though, was King Hussein. And he reacted exactly as predicted. When news of the raid broke, Hussein was about to start a day's meetings with US members of Congress.

The week before, the King and the Administration had struck a deal. If he explicitly declared his recognition of Israel, renounced the state of war, and abandoned two last sticking points from the pact he had signed with Yasser Arafat and the PLO last February (and in May) the Administration would go to Congress with a proposal for aircraft and missiles to end the US arms embargo on Jordan.

The two sticking points were independent representation of the Palestinians in any peace negotiations and an international conference on the Middle East to include the Soviet Union. The US had told Hussein it would not agree to the step-by-step process towards negotiations with Israel so long as Arafat selected Palestinian members of the Arab delegation and sought US recognition for the PLO itself.

The King, the Americans said, must pick his own Palestinians and negotiate with Israel without the PLO. In any talks, the US added, there was no real place for the Soviet Union — and Egypt's President Mubarak was got to repeat this message in the King's ear. The King agreed to both demands, camouflaging them in his speech to the United Nations on 27 September, and then accepting them without inhibition when he came to Washington three days later. Instead of an international conference, he now spoke of talks under 'appropriate auspices'. And instead of Palestinian representation in negotiations he said nothing at all. His only reference to the PLO in his UN speech was in the past tense.

Hussein's sellout of the PLO was thus virtually complete before the Tunis raid. When

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the King was asked his reaction to the raid by members of Congress and reporters, he knew all too well that Jordan was being blamed by Israeli officials for the recent upsurge in violence by Palestinians against Israelis — and that this could soon be used as justification for the kind of military operation against Jordan which Ariel Sharon and the Likud bloc are now openly advocating.

Hussein also knew of Israeli assessments that mid-1986 would be the best timing for an attack on Jordan, when the US Congressional election campaign would maximise pro-Israeli sentiment, and just before Shimon Peres is obliged to transfer power to the opposition led by Yitzhak Shamir. So certain are the Jordanians of this plan of attack that they were not joking when they told the US they would be only too happy to swap their pledge of non-belligerency towards Israel for an Israeli pledge towards Jordan. The Israeli defence minister made the threat tangible when he was asked after the 1 October raid why Israel had flown so far to attack targets in Tunis when it could have attacked PLO targets within minutes across the border in Jordan. Rabin answered that Israel 'Does not always do the easy thing'.

But Hussein knew that hitting Tunis *was* the easy thing — that is why it was chosen. He also knew that the three Israelis shot at Larnaca in Cyprus were probably MOSSAD agents (*Daily Telegraph*, 8 October); and that Force 17, the PLO organisation blamed by the Israelis for the Larnaca killings, has long been Arafat's personal bodyguard and plays no other role. Yet in speaking to members of Congress, Hussein said nothing at all to counter Israeli allegations or defend the PLO.

The King believes that his survival depends on this. He thinks that it would prove much harder for Israel to attack Jordan, if he has American security guarantees and a US commitment to keep the Peres government on a leash. In order to demonstrate these guarantees, the King has to make certain that the Administration overcomes Congressional opposition to the new arms supply — though the arms themselves are largely symbolic. President Reagan's personal enthusiasm for Israel's strike against Tunisia somewhat undercut the King's confidence. For it demonstrated once more (the King prefers not to dwell on recent Lebanese history) how unreliable US guarantees actually are.

From Washington's point of view, if the impact of the raid leads to a new 'Camp David' meeting between the US, Israel and Jordan, if Congress does not block the Jordan arms sale and if Peres can entrench himself with the Israeli electorate, the game will have been worth the Tunisian casualties and the embarrassment of the UN Security Council vote of censure. But the risk of further miscalculation is enormous on all sides. The King and his Palestinian captives may agree to talks with Israel, but Peres may not have enough domestic support to get that far.

Even if all sides reach the table, the difficulties that face them in reaching an agreement, and implementing it once they leave the table, are far greater than the Administration has calculated — or cares. For US officials only want a short-term victory before the President goes to the Geneva summit with the Soviet Union. □

RAINBOW WARRIOR

MESSING ABOUT WITH BOATS

MICHAEL PRICE on the reluctance of French presidents to clean up the secret services

ONE OF THE strangest twists in the Greenpeace affair came to light this week as the new French defence minister, Paul Quiles, announced the revival of the 11th Shock, an elite regiment, known for its dirty tricks and extreme right-wing sympathies.

What this development reflects is the curious mixture of outright hostility and mutual need which characterises the relationship between successive French governments and their security services.

Since the Second World War France has consistently used its secret services to protect its colonial interests in a way which it could never achieve using simple diplomacy. When these missions have been bungled or have exceeded international acceptance, presidents have conveniently hid behind the excuse of military excess. However, the increasing military power of security chiefs has given them the confidence to make political interventions — hatching plots to change the course of French policy or to undermine their political masters.

Although this 'guerilla warfare' has given rise to minor purges of the secret services, no French politician has ever dared to take them head on, for fear of completely alienating an agency which they rely on. Thus, in the space of a few weeks, President Mitterrand has demanded the resignation of Defence Minister Charles Hernu, sacked secret services chief Admiral Pierre Lacoste and finally offered a sop to the services which has startled even Gaullists by reviving the 11th Shock to be led by Colonel Jean-Claude Lesquer — the Action Division chief who organised the *Rainbow Warrior* sinking.

THE FOREIGN Intelligence and Counter-Espionage Service (SDECE) was set up in 1945 from the French intelligence network established in wartime London. Its membership was — and remains — largely military. The Direction of Surveillance of the Territory (DST) was created to take care of internal security and is staffed by police. Under different ministries, the two services' rivalry is legendary. Since France has overseas territories, they can — and do — meddle in each other's affairs.

The SDECE expanded rapidly during France's losing colonial wars in Algeria and Indo-China. Recruits from the 11th Shock parachute regiment, in the Action Division, carried out sabotage missions and assassinated Algerian liberation leaders, politicians, financiers and arms suppliers, often in foreign capitals. In Indo-China the agency, like the CIA, used the opium trade to its own ends.

Some SDECE men helped or joined the OAS, the breakaway force fighting to keep Algeria French. Others got out — and recruited and led, from these squalid colonial struggles, a steady flow of well-trained mercenaries whom France used in 1960 in its material and financial support of Moishe Tshombe's breakaway Katanga in the ex-Belgian Congo. And de Gaulle's 1962 Algerian 'sell-out' further embittered a growing right-wing military elite within the SDECE which came to detest all that the politicians stood for.

But since then successive French governments have used both agency members and mercenaries in their African stomping-ground to support neo-colonial regimes and 'friends of France' — Ojuku's secession 'state' of Biafra was virtually a French creation — and replace unfriendly African leaders with more malleable ones. However, since the politicians invariably blamed the agency when things turned sour, angry security chiefs often hit back, with disinformation, and sometimes smear tactics, against their political 'enemies' — a pattern which has echoes in France's latest scandal in the Pacific.

In October 1965 Mehdi Ben Barka, the Moroccan opposition leader, was kidnapped by the SDECE in a Paris street in broad daylight, the day before his private meeting with de Gaulle. His body was never found. An enraged president had the agency purged and transferred control of it from Prime Minister Georges Pompidou's office to the Ministry of Defence, declaring 'I prefer to conduct my foreign policy through ambassadors and not irrepressible functionaries'.

BUT DE GAULLE — ironically underlining the government's and the SDECE's mutual need for each other — then ordered the agency to strike hard against any threats to French tests in the recently-created Pacific Nuclear Experimental Centre at Mururoa Atoll. Thus the SDECE began its 25 year fight against the ecologists, culminating in the *Rainbow Warrior* debacle. In 1966 the motorised sailing ship *Trident* was crippled en route to Mururoa — with sugar in its fuel tanks. In 1967, when a mystery illness struck a *Trident* crew member, France prevailed upon Prime Minister Sir Albert Henry of Ratatonga Island to quarantine the crew — until the nuclear tests were over. In July 1972 the *Boy Roel*, chartered by the New Zealand movement Peace Media, was sabotaged. Then the *Fri* broke a connecting rod on the high seas — after the French had boarded and 'inspected' it.

In August 1973 the Chad opposition leader Dr. Outel Bono, in exile in Paris, was assassinated there. But in January 1977 Operation Shrimp, led by Katanga and Biafra mercenary veteran Colonel Bob Denard ('Fox'), failed in Dahomey to replace the progressive rule of President Kerekou. They had better luck the following year, overthrowing President Ali Soilih of the Comoro Islands (between Madagascar and Mozambique) for a feudal pro-French puppet. But an SDECE plot to implicate Breton artist Yann Goulet, living in Ireland since 1948, with the Provisional IRA and thus discredit the Breton independence movement, was foiled by

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French police — two SDECE agents were dismissed.

Political scandal again threatened France in 1979 over claims that Emperor Bokassa was prepared to name French leaders to which he had given priceless diamonds. Operation Barracuda overturned the 'Emperor' — and stripped his Barengo Palace archives of all reference to the gems, the most beautiful of which, it was said, Madama Giscard d'Estaing was sporting in a necklace.

The following August Giscard authorised French support for a Libyan Army coup against Gadafy — its failure cost the SDECE's director of research his job. The same year, the Action Division violated Italian sovereignty by flattening a transmitter, on the isle of Elba, beaming cultural and language programmes to Corsica.

BY THE TIME Mitterrand took power in May 1981 the Socialist/Communist 1972 programme for government promising to 'suppress the SDECE' had already given way to a programme of 'demilitarisation'. His half-hearted purges failed to force the agency to toe the political line and and merely succeeded in alienating agency members, who later sought revenge. In December of his first year Mitterrand ordered another purge of the agency when the right-wing weekly *l'Express* carried SDECE leaks that the secretaries of his four Communist ministers would visit the headquarters of the SDECE on a 'factfinding' visit. In April 1982 the 'reformed' agency was renamed the DGSE — the General Directorate of Foreign Security — officially told to leave domestic spying to the police (DST).

The DGSE hit back with scandal, through 'informants' and false leaked documents, attacking a pro-government agency chief, Colonel Balette. It said he was in touch with a Jean-Louis Beaudet, known to have links with the Red Brigade, West Germany's Red Army Faction, ETA — and the Provisional IRA. Though the rumours were false, Balette was transferred to command a parachute regiment.

In November 1984, the DGSE informed Mitterrand that the Libyans were honouring the mutual withdrawal plan from Chad, and the President ordered his men back. When the

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Please pay Oxfam £50 ☐ £20 ☐ £10 ☐ £ ____ each month/year,

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Bank's Address _____

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£50 ☐ £20 ☐ £10 ☐ £ _____

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Americans told the Chad government the Libyans were still there, Mitterrand refused to believe it — until the satellite photos landed on his Elysée Palace desk to complete his humiliation.

In the most recent episode of Mitterrand's run-in with the secret services it is still not clear whether he had any inkling of the lengths to which they would go to stymie Greenpeace. What is clear, though, is that the President has no wish to surrender his option of using the military — undercover or otherwise — to safeguard France's use of its Pacific colonies to carry out nuclear tests which it is unlikely that French citizens would tolerate on their own soil. While he is visibly embarrassed by world reaction to the antics of his agencies, his rehabilitation of the 11th Shock so soon after the event confirms his need to put their dubious skills to his own ends. □

NUCLEAR ARMS

GORBACHEV FAILS TO SEDUCE THE DUTCH

He has missed the chance to stop Dutch deployment of cruise, says MARY KALDOR (above right)

THE MOST INTERESTING element of the Gorbachev offer was his announcement that, in the European zone, the Soviet Union had withdrawn SS-20 missiles from stand-by alert and dismantled stationary installations down to the level of 243 SS-20 missiles, which was the level of 1 June 1984.

This was a clear attempt to influence the Dutch decision on whether to go ahead with deployment of cruise missiles which is due to be taken on 1 November. The Dutch government announced in June 1984 that it would decide in November 1985 to go ahead with the deployment of cruise missiles unless no additional SS-20s were deployed over and above the total of 378 missiles deployed as of June 1984. (The figure of 378 included missiles in the Asian zone which, the Dutch argued, could easily be moved to the European zone.) In fact, according to CIA figures, most of the additional missiles deployed since 1 June were deployed in the Asian zone, not in Europe. So the Soviet unilateral concession is much less than it appears.

If Gorbachev had been really serious about disarmament, he surely would have reduced SS-20 missiles down to a total of 378. This would have made Dutch deployment impossible and could have started a really interesting and important political process in Europe, offering real opportunities for reversing the arms race.

SO WHAT ELSE did Mr Gorbachev really offer? First of all, he proposed a ban on space weapons. The proposal does not include research. As Denis Healey pointed out in the *Observer* two weeks ago, the priority is to freeze new developments. Past experience suggests that research tends to lead to testing and deployment.

Stefano Cagnoni/Report

'There is no question that Soviet concessions tend to be greater than Western concessions.' But did Gorbachev really try?

Secondly, he proposed a 50 per cent cut in strategic weapons. Proposals for 'deep cuts' are not new. They were made by President Carter in 1977, by President Reagan in his START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) proposal of May 1982, and by the Soviet Union in their START proposal of January 1983. The American START proposal would have cut ballistic missile warheads to equal levels, one third below current levels. No more than one half of those warheads would have been land-based.

The Soviet Union objected to the proposal because it did not include bombers and cruise missiles and because it would have involved disproportionate reductions by the Soviet Union in land-based missiles. The Soviet counter-proposal would have cut strategic weapons to 25 per cent below the levels agreed in SALT II to a common ceiling of 1,800 strategic delivery vehicles. The proposal included bombers and cruise missiles and allowed each side to mix its strategic systems. In the course of the negotiations, the two sides moved closer together. The US agreed to the inclusion of bombers and cruise missiles and the Soviet Union agreed to count warheads as well as launchers, as well as to verification procedures that went beyond those agreed in SALT II.

Gorbachev's proposal, in some respects, could be considered a step back from the START position. Although he includes both launchers and warheads, no concessions are made to the US concern to count types of systems separately. Moreover, ground-launched cruise and Pershing II missiles are reportedly included as US strategic weapons, while over 400 SS-20s (each with three warheads) are counted separately. At the time of START, ground-launched cruise and Pershing II were included in the separate negotiation on intermediate range nuclear forces. Hence the proposal would imply what the US would consider a disproportionate cut in US strategic weapons. If Mr Gorbachev had been anxious to reach an agreement quickly, something along the lines of the START proposals might have been more productive.

Thirdly, Mr Gorbachev proposed separate negotiations with the British and the French. It is obviously good if the European powers are allowed a say in the negotiations. But why only the nuclear weapons states? The danger is that such negotiations will confirm Aneurin Bevan's view about not going naked into the conference chamber. Negotiations could provide the argument for retaining independent nuclear weapons. The 'bargaining chip' could be the saviour of the Trident programme. Of course, with a government committed to unilateral disarmament, negotiations would have a different outcome; a future Labour government determined to cancel Trident and scrap Polaris might well ask for concessions from the Soviet Union. In November 1984, Neil Kinnock received a positive reaction from Chernenko to his suggestion that the Soviet Union would reduce its SS-20s in response to the dismantling of Polaris.

BUT TO RETURN to Gorbachev's attempt to influence the Dutch decision: why did he not take the bit in his teeth and reduce SS-20 missiles to 378? One explanation is the strategic importance attached to the Asian zone, given the deployment of US sea-launched cruise and Trident in the Pacific. But then should he not have linked the Asian SS-20s in some way to the strategic weapons count? Or alternatively, should he not have offered separate negotiations with China? Another explanation is simply military pressure. Yet another is the Soviet desire to not be seen to be giving in to Western pressure.

There is no question that Soviet concessions tend to be greater than Western concessions and that the Soviet Union *does* have a genuine interest in preserving the conditions of *detente*, which involves continuous negotiations and arms control agreements to channel the arms race in safer directions. But the concessions are never sufficient to initiate a genuine process of disarmament. This doesn't mean, though, that the USSR couldn't make that type of concession, despite American hostility.

The Dutch decision defined one possible concession, the START negotiations defined another. If the Soviet Union had, for example, agreed to the Zero Option proposed by Reagan in November 1981, deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles could not have gone ahead. Of course, this would have been a major concession. But in the age of overkill, does this matter?

THE POINT IS that the Soviet Union is caught in the same fundamental thinking about 'balance', 'parity', etc as the Western powers. It still somehow seems to believe that political power can be counted in numbers of warheads or delivery systems, even if these weapons are much more than sufficient for global holocaust and can never actually be used.

If negotiations are to achieve disarmament — and indeed to freeze new developments in weaponry — then one side or other has to accept that quantitative inferiority (whether measured

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HAVE THE TUNNEL BUILDERS REALLY LOOKED INTO ALL THE PROBLEMS?
The idea of a Channel Tunnel isn't new. Various eccentric schemes have been proposed for over a hundred years.
But the idea doesn't improve with age.
Because the concept of any fixed link between Britain and France is based upon a foundation of uncertainties and unreliable assumptions.
How will the builders ensure that the Channel Tunnel is safe? And how will maintenance and the inevitable repairs be carried out without causing delays and closures?
What will it cost to build? Published figures put it at anywhere between £4.7 billion and £50 billion. The completion date of the project is equally vague. Estimates range from 6 years to 20 years.
The futility of forecasts is further underlined by predictions that cross-channel traffic will double before the year 2000. In fact, the amount of traffic crossing the channel has already dropped.
Fluctuations in exchange, interest and inflation rates are other potential problem areas. As is the question of fixing a competitive toll that will both generate business and provide an adequate financial return.
Ignoring these problems won't make them go away. If anyone of them should hatch, it could seriously endanger any fixed link scheme.
Then the investor will be left with more than just egg on his face.
INDUSTRIAL ACTION
INTEREST RATE
COMPLETION DATE
TOTAL COST PROBLEM
INFLATION RATE PROBLEM
EXCHANGE RATE
TRAFFIC FORECAST
CONSTRUCTION PROBLEM
SHARE OF TRAFFIC
TOLL PROBLEM
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG.
THE CHANNEL TUNNEL
The black hole that will put Britain in the red.
Flexilink
CAMPAIGN FOR CROSS CHANNEL CHOICE

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in numbers, accuracy or throw weight) does not matter and has to be prepared to take meaningful unilateral action.

The Soviet Union should have reduced its SS-20s down to the level of 378. But by the same token, the Dutch ought not to have made their decision dependent on Soviet action; they still ought to stop deployment of cruise missiles unconditionally, whatever the Soviet Union does. Likewise the Americans (and the British and the French) ought to accept the terms of the Soviet offer, even if their strategic experts argue that it involves disproportionate reductions. Most important of all, the US ought to renounce the Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI), or Star Wars, which is easily the single most important factor in the current escalation of the arms race, and West European governments should refuse to participate in Star Wars research.

In fact, the concessions the Western governments would have to make to reach an agreement on a Soviet proposal are much less than the concessions the Soviet Union would have to make on a Western proposal. What matters is not whether the concessions are equal or fair, but whether the agreement contributes to an *overall* process of reduction. Indeed, what matters, and unequal concessions could actually be helpful in this respect, is a questioning of the philosophy of 'balance', 'parity', 'inferiority' or 'superiority', that legitimates the continued arms race. □

Mary Kaldar is editor of the Journal of European Nuclear Disarmament *and a researcher at Sussex University.*

THE
WEEKLY MAIL

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OBIT

Terry Duffy: a straight- forward right-winger

THE FUNERAL of Terry Duffy, the president of the Engineering Union, was held in a crowded church in Wolverhampton on Wednesday. It was fitting that the leader of Britain's second biggest union should be buried in his home-town.

For, although he moved south seven years ago to the anonymous suburb of Bickley in Kent, he never forgot — or indeed wanted to forget — from whence he came.

There was no side or affectation about the man. He brought his strong nasal Black Country accent and his old-fashioned sergeant major's pencil moustache with him when he moved south.

This, plus his fierce anti-Communism, led the smart London media crowd to dismiss him as a hick from the sticks. More importantly, it led the Broad Left in the AUEW and the TUC consistently to under-estimate the man who started life as one of eleven children in a back-to-back terraced house.

Terry Duffy always said he came out of the 'jungle' of the West Midlands engineering industry. It was his toughness and organising ability that led him to the top of the AUEW and victory over the union's then firmly entrenched left-wing machine.

His sheer ordinariness and easy going manner fooled opponents, who confused his lack of intellectual interests with a lack of intellect or courage.

A straight-forward Roman Catholic, he saw Socialism and Christianity as two sides of the same coin. He was the first right-wing district official to make it into the AUEW Birmingham offices. His fellow officials in effect sent him to Coventry and his office was once wrecked.

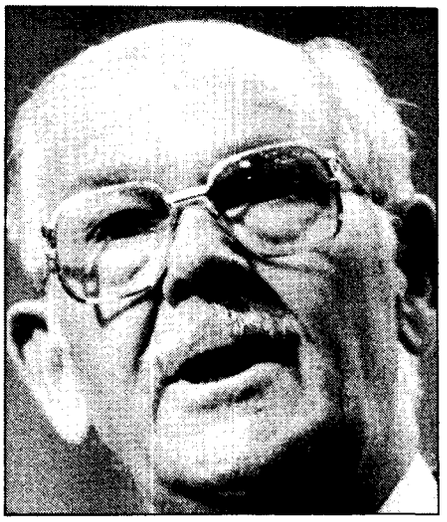
Although a Christian, he was not a pious or 'serious' man. In those days, the Left used to fix meetings by bussing in coach loads of supporters. One night Terry Duffy simply paid one of the coach drivers not to stop. While his supporters carried the day, his opponents were being taken on a mystery tour of the Black Country by a coach driver who just couldn't remember where he should be going.

His refusal to be intimidated meant that the Left had to live with him in Birmingham. When the union introduced postal balloting in the early 1970s, he moved onto the national stage.

He shamelessly used the right-wing press in 1975 to beat Hugh Scanlon's chosen heir apparent Bob Wright. That victory took him onto the union executive and three years later he repeated it to beat Bob Wright for the AUEW presidency.

By sheer hard work and organisation, he retained the presidency in 1981 when, for the first time in the union's history, he won the post on the first ballot.

His sometimes naive approach was deliberate, like Ernie Bevin's when he was at the TGWU and later the Foreign Office. But his animal cunning and sense of humour were never far below the surface.



City Syndication

A fierce anti-Communist, always underestimated by his opponents

He brought a smile to Mrs Thatcher's face when he told her after a Neddy meeting... 'Maggie you don't half remind me of my old mother...' But the Prime Minister liked his punch line less: 'She was as hard as nails as well!'

He used his cunning to capture the Left's last remaining seat on his union's executive — the London seat held by the eccentric Cockney Maoist, Reg Birch. Why not get jazz-loving Reg a trip to the States before the election for his successor? But how could Communist Reg get a visa?

Duffy invited an official from the US Embassy down to his Peckham office in South London to meet the Shakespeare loving Reg. The American visitor and Reg ended up arm in arm singing Louis Armstrong numbers. Terry remained sober throughout and managed to persuade the visitor to agree to Reg's trip.

Reg got to see New Orleans and Terry Duffy won his London seat — the first time in 40 years that it was not held by the Communists.

If Terry Duffy is looking down from above, he will be smiling at the fact that the CP's industrial organiser Peter Carter is now under attack for advocating something he preached 15 years ago, secret postal ballots.

And if the Archangel Gabriel wants any block votes fixing, he has just the man to do it. Both Left and Right inside the Labour movement will miss him. □

Tom Condon

The author of this tribute is Industrial Editor of the Sun.

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LETTERS

Muslim schools

Abdul Shakoor Bora, Birmingham B12

Although I appreciate the informative part of the article by Jolyon Jenkins and Mohsin A Bangash (*NS* 20 September) I cannot accept that a separate school for Muslim children on a voluntary basis cannot exist.

Up to now, Church of England, Catholic and Jewish schools have functioned amicably without creating division in the British society, so how can Muslim schools on similar lines be divisive and apartheid?

To prevent and oppose the establishment of Muslim schools on voluntary lines means the acceptance of Christianity as a superior religion to Islam. Separate Muslim schools do not mean other religious denominations will not be admitted; rather they will function the same way as the CoE and Catholic schools which do admit Hindu and Muslim children in their schools if places are available after serving their own children. CoE and Catholic school governors openly advertise for practising Christian teachers and heads. This is discriminatory, but the law allows it.

Rambo's roots

John Ullman, Hofstra University, NY, USA

May I add to your perceptive review of *Rambo* (*NS* 30 August) that this sort of film-making was also indulged in by the Nazi regime and the Austro-fascists of the 1930s? There were a lot of these movies, peddling a stab-in-the-back legend in part, but mainly showing that the Germans and Austrians did win some battles. Of course, in those days the enemies mowed down *en masse* were Italians and British, the latter, for instance, in a totally implausible rehash of the battles in East Africa. The actor Sepp Rist appeared in several of these films. They were all intended, of course, to foster a resolve to do better next time.

Research into violence

Ron Moule, Project Director, MASC Media Ltd

We have been awarded a GLC grant to research and produce six video programmes on the subject of 'Men and Violence' which will be distributed to community groups, professional organisations and a wide variety of outlets in London in April 1986.

We are now into our second stage of research, which involves contacting as many Londoners as possible and asking them for details of information, experience or research which may be of use to our programmes. One important aspect of our research is to look at the more 'mundane' forms of violence, intimidation or harassment (not only physical) that occurs between members of the same family, workforce or social group. We also want to look at the extent to which the law can regulate these occurrences and how the police and other social agencies are trained and equipped to deal with them.

It is a very wide and complex area and the more information we receive, the better the programmes will be. If you feel you can contribute in some way, please write to us at: MASC, PO Box 4At, London W1A 4AT. Since we can't reply to everyone individually, we would like to thank readers in advance for the help we feel they will offer.

Unkindest cut

Greg Philo, Glasgow University Media Group

In last week's *New Statesman*, a paragraph was missed out from our article 'The Day the Dictator Died' (perhaps for reasons of space). This had the effect of presenting an interview with Armand Hammer of Occidental Petroleum and a short commentary on Soviet defence spending as if they were from BBC News on 15 November 1982. In fact they were from ITN 11 November 1982.

Israel and the US

Sarah Kronethal, London WC1

In your editorial concerning Thatcher's 'special relationship' with the Reagan Administration, I see no reason for you to have included the irrelevant and gratuitous statement that 'The State of Israel alone seems to have the political capacity to demand and get virtually unqualified American support for anything it chooses to do' (*NS* 20 September). You neither give evidence of this, nor is it true.

You state that the US disregards and bullies all its allies except Israel, yet the Israeli government has been a pawn of the US. For years in its Middle Eastern game, Israel has been 'supported' (manipulated would be a more appropriate term) by the US so that the superpower could maintain its interests in the area (the main interest seeming to be an ongoing state of war). Israel does not control the US government; if it did, would the US be selling weapons to other Middle Eastern nations?

Secondly, I wonder at your inclusion of this statement because even after it has been pointed out time and time again that the Israeli state and Jewish peoples are not one and the same, lots of pepole (yes, even lots and lots of leftists) confuse the two to justify their anti-semitism. Therefore, claiming erroneously that Israel gets its way with the US, plays into people's (sometimes latent, sometimes professed) bigotry and hatred by making it sound like Jews are in some powerful position in the world.

While giving you the benefit of the doubt and assuming you would not intentionally encourage anti-semitism, I'm afraid this is exactly the effect of such careless and inaccurate statements.

Tomorrow and *Tomorrow* and...

Francis Wheen, London E9

In reply to Nick Rosen's letter (4 October), Joan Smith, as an employee of *Tomorrow*, was indeed paid; the outside contributors were not all so lucky. The proposed publication date of the second issue was 23 July. This is not 'about a month' ago: it is two months. Rosen's reasons for this delay vary. One contributor was told by Rosen that she hadn't been paid because she hadn't submitted an invoice; another was told that his invoice had been lost; Rosen told the *London Standard* recently that one of the people dealing with payments had had back trouble; now he reveals that one of them had cancer. I did not 'surely know' this, nor do I know who these people responsible for payments are. As far as I'm aware, Rosen was empowered to sign cheques from Tomorrow's News Ltd without any counter-signature.

In answer to his concluding question, the answer is no. Oh, and there *isn't* a special 'test' for BBC staff who drive company cars.

Reply from the platform

Jack Jones, London SE5

Peter Kellner's references to my supposed views at

Take me to your Leader
BY MOANN' MINNIE
SERKEEF, PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOUR MISSION ON EARTH?
GLADLY. HM H'HM··· IN ALL PARTS OF THE PLANET EARTH ONE PARTICULAR FORM OF LIFE IS SUBJECTED DAILY TO INTOLERABLE RESTRICTIONS ON ITS NATURAL DIGNITY AND FREEDOM····
CUT TO INEFFICIENT STATE-PROTECTED FARM
HERE THEY ARE, CHARMING, PLAYFUL, INTELLIGENT MARKET FORCES —CONFINED, IN PLACES LIKE THIS TYPICAL BATTERY FARM··
···TO LIVING OUT THEIR LIVES IN APPALLING CONDITIONS OF MISGUIDED RESTRAINT AND INTERFERENCE· YET, EXPERIENCE ON MORE CIVILISED PLANETS CONFIRMS THAT, ALLOWED THE FULL LIBERTY THAT IS THEIR RIGHT, THESE MARKET FORCES—
WHAT A DEAR LITTLE····
YOU WCH!
INTO THE GUTTER, TIN FREAK!

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the Labour Party Conference (*NS* 4 October) were incorrect.

To 'defeat the miners' is not in my vocabulary, and to suggest that something could be 'composited out' — without the agreement of the union concerned — would be constitutionally impossible.

Filthy lucre of RTZ

Lucy Wedderburn, London E2

I write, in disgust, to complain about the full page advertisement for the Rio Tinto Zinc Corporation carried on page 13 of *New Statesman*, 4 October. Despite the illegal occupation of Namibia by South Africa, and the ruling of the International Court of Justice in 1974 that no natural resources may legally be exported from Namibia, the British Government has continued to receive 50 per cent of all its uranium from RTZ. The RTZ mines at Rossing are renowned for their brutal conditions and lack of rights for Namibian workers. Furthermore, the Namibian people are engaged in liberation struggle against apartheid, a regime which is directly supported by companies such as RTZ.

For a journal which claims to oppose the occupation of Namibia, and apartheid as a whole, and has in the past documented the oppressive methods used by RTZ in Australia and Papua New Guinea, carrying such an advert seems to be at best a complete contradiction. A less charitable interpretation would be that, like other mainstream publications under capitalism, the *NS* now considers that its revenue from adverts can be put before its politics. As such, this is an offence to many of its potential readers, and to those supporting or involved in black liberation struggles in various parts of the world.

Make it happen

Corinne Sweet, Women's Rights Unit, National Council for Civil Liberties

About time too! Anna Coote's excellent article on the Labour Party's proposals for a Ministry of Women (27 October) neatly pinpoints the entire shift of national consciousness needed to ensure women's equal treatment under the law.

Sex discrimination keeps women subordinate, denies them real POWER, as Coote states. Indeed the issues that NCCL's Women's Rights Unit deals with daily — sexual and racial harassment, rape, unfair dismissal (particularly part-time workers and pregnant women), *un*equal pay, to name but a few, deny over half the population the fundamental right to full citizenship.

The present proposals for the review of the social security system (Fowler's green paper) is a prime example of plans to hamper women's struggle for financial independence. Maternity and widows' provisions, child benefit, state pensions are all to be reduced or eliminated, throwing women back on the assumed mercy of men.

It's good to see a political party deciding to put its policy where its rhetoric is. What NCCL would like to see is a Manifesto with a clear commitment to making it happen.

Women off the shelf

Anna Davin, London SE17

The notice of a forthcoming conference on women's writing (27 September) drew attention to 'women's struggle to stay on the shelf'. In the same issue, the list of selected autumn and winter books illustrates the problem. Only one quarter of the 210 authors named were women; only nine of the 192 books came from feminist publishing houses.

Of the 14 categories used, 'Women's Lives' was the shortest with 6 titles. But this was not because books by and about women were competed for by the other categories, which were all noticeably short on female authors.

Nor was there any special logic — apart from the sex of the authors — to the selection under 'Women's Lives'. Each of the six titles could as well or better have gone elsewhere. Judith Cook's *Radical Women in History* and Claire Duchen's *Feminism in France*, for example, might have gone in 'History' and/or in 'Politics'. But perhaps feminism isn't politics — Robin Morgan's anthology on the international women's movement, *Sisterhood is Global*, wasn't in those categories either, but in 'Women's Lives'.

Of course, selection will always end up arbitrary, and categorisation is never easy. But the politics and interests which have made me a *NS* reader (for 30 years already) also make me hope for work by and about women to be better represented in such a list; to be present throughout, not as a scanty ragbag of titles thrown together, only because they are by women, to make women visible. I cannot be the only *NS* reader whose shelves this winter will include more than 25% books by women, and more than a fifth from feminist presses.

Qualified for *Heartsearch*

James Bland, Croydon, Surrey

Unfortunately I can't boast a public school background or a first from Oxbridge. Perhaps, though, the Open University degree I am studying for will do the trick when I advertise in your *Heartsearch* columns. Who knows — my ability in sexual affairs may improve on receiving a degree.

FEEDBACK

Hardly apartheid

WHOEVER WROTE the headline *Apartheid in Schools is Wrong* (*NS* 15 September) should be soundly rapped over the knuckles. The Islamic school in Brent is a multi-ethnic school catering for children of many races and skin colours, including several white English pupils. To equate Muslim schools with the obnoxious racism of South Africa is both insensitive and insulting.

Jolyon Jenkins and Mohsin Bangash, the authors of the story, assert that 'for many years in Britain there has been no concept of a specifically Christian or Jewish education'. Leaving aside Northern Ireland, where the school a pupil attends is determined almost exclusively by his or her religion, nearly a third of all maintained schools are voluntary aided or controlled church schools. More than one in five pupils in England and Wales attends a school whose *raison d'etre* is religion. Try telling the three million plus parents who opt for the voluntary sector that they have no concept of a Christian education.

Jolyon and Mohsin ask 'progressive education authorities' to resist the pressure on them to back applications to the Department of Education for voluntary aided status for Islamic schools. One of their main arguments is that supporters of such schools are in a minority within the Muslim community. They don't appear to realise that it is a condition of voluntary status that a Local Education Authority (LEA) be convinced that there is a substantial demand from the community for a church, or mosque, school. Voluntary schools must also provide a curriculum, and teachers, of a standard laid down by the 1944 Education Act. If there is no community support, or if the teachers, or the curriculum, are not compatible with ordinary state schools, then there is no LEA support, *ergo* no voluntary aided or controlled school.

The situation in Brent is that a significant number of the 10,000 Muslim population favour an Islamic school. If the council refuses to meet their demands it will, in effect, be saying that what is acceptable for the predominantly white Anglicans, Methodists, Jews and Roman Catholics of this country is unacceptable for predominantly non-white Muslims. It is because a refusal to back the Islamic school would be interpreted in the Muslim community as racist that Brent Labour Party has reluctantly given its support to the application for voluntary status.

It is reasonable to argue that there should be no religious schools at all. It is not reasonable to deny one particular faith its own schools when other faiths have them. I personally favour secular, comprehensive, education for all children. I would be delighted if a forthcoming Labour government would end voluntary status and create a single unified school system. But it won't. Neither will the Tories, nor the Alliance. Forget about principles, it's votes that count and attacking church schools is one guaranteed way of losing them.

A chief education officer made the following comment to me recently: 'Give them one school and the floodgates will be opened'. He, like many opponents of Islamic schools, believes that every Muslim parent is yearning to abandon the state system. He was talking nonsense because, as Jolyon and Mohsin explained, many — perhaps most — are not interested in separate schools. Provided LEAs adopt sensible policies, and don't behave as if the entire population of their schools are white Christians, the majority of ethnic minority parents will continue to enroll their children in state schools. But there will always be a minority that will not be satisfied with a secular approach to education.

The inevitable consequence of treating that minority as different from Catholics, Anglicans, Methodists and Jews will be a dramatic increase in the number of independent Islamic schools. If they stand firm, as Jolyon and Mohsin plead they should, against the voluntary school demand, 'progressive' LEAs will make a significant indirect contribution to the privatisation of the school system. What sort of progressive policy is that?

Voluntary aided schools are not ideal but they are under some degree of LEA supervision. They are frequently visited by inspectors who, while not having a statutory power to control the curriculum, certainly have power to influence it. They have to provide a secular education compatible with that provided in an ordinary school. The LEA has a say in the appointment of governors. Given the choice between a private Islamic school and a voluntary aided one, and that is the only real choice, I know which I would choose.

Barry Hugill

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To dine in fancy restaurants

Clifford Harper

£3.17.6 a week. We're in a Camberwell bedsit at the close of the '50s, and the neighbourhood escalation of TVs, radios, record players as the nation never has it so good is threatening to drown out a writer's imagination.

New Zealander JANET FRAME is trying to crack the English literary scene. Back home, 'New Zealand author writes novel' was as rapturously received as winning the Melbourne Cup. How will it be in London? Publication days, authors' lunches, publishers' parties, glamours untold?

She begins Faces in the Water. *She waits for British publication of her New Zealand success,* Owls do Cry. *But in London, not every book is reviewed . . .*

The third volume of Janet Frame's autobiography, The Envoy from Mirror City *— in which the book itself is the envoy, and the mirror city is the world of imagination and recollection — is to be published by the Women's Press on 7 November. Here's a taste of it.*

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN shillings a week I rented a large front room on the second floor in the home of Ted and Joan Morgan in Grove Hill Road, Camberwell. The Morgans' daughter, Myra, and a middle-aged boarder, Tilly, slept on the third floor, while my room was next to the main bedroom, with a small kitchen (to be shared with Tilly) and a bathroom and lavatory (to be shared with all) on the same floor.

My room, overlooking the street, had a large mirrored wardrobe, a dressing-table, a large dining table covered with a green and white checked oilcloth that I remember affectionately as I spent most of my time writing at one end, eating at the other: two chairs, one a fat armchair with outsize padded arms and floral covering, an old stretcher bed dipping in the middle beneath a mattress full of hard unevenly distributed parcels of kapok. There was a disused fireplace and a small kerosene heater.

At first, Mrs Morgan showed alarm on discovering that she had rented her room to one of those tenants frowned on in the letting world as being 'home all day' when any reader of newspaper columns and the notices in tobacconists' windows would know that the ideal tenants then were 'business women only . . . business couple only . . . out all day' with, often, 'away weekends' as well as the usual 'no children, pets, coloured or Irish.'

I explained that I was writing a book.

'Oh, a journalist,' Mr Morgan said with some deference.

'More of a book-writer.'

'We'll say you're a journalist,' he said.

He was about 40, sleek, with a coat buttoned to show his continuing sleekness, handsome with a small moustache and a plausible manner suited to his work as a television saleman, but reminiscent for me of my idea of a con-man. Joan, in her middle 30s, was small, dark, business like, the part owner with her sister, of a hairdressing salon 'down the Green'. Myra, who practised the piano each afternoon in the room beneath me, and played her record player each evening in the room above me, was at the serious stage of English life known as the 'eleven-plus year', with an examination looming, followed by her 'streaming' into Grammar, Comprehensive or High School. Myra's parents told me that one day Myra would be a clever journalist. 'You should see her essays. The talent is there.'

Tilly, the boarder, nearing 60, who worked assembling electrical plant at the

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General Electric Factory, and was away to work early and home late, was another Londoner whose memories of the War had matured for harmless telling. She too had come home one day to find her street, her home, her family destroyed by a flying bomb, a 'buzz bomb'. She talked often, too, of her 'post-war credits' and how their payment had been delayed by the government. 'If I'd had my post-war credits,' she'd say as she stood in the kitchen stirring her scrambled egg or her collard greens, 'life would have been different for me.' The government had failed her: she was bitter, and wary of being betrayed, and when her doctor suggested removing one of her toes to alleviate her arthritis, she saw the betrayal as extending to her own body.

The Morgans were naturally curious about my income. At first I did not disclose that I received £3.17.6 a week from a book of National Assistance cheques to be renewed or cancelled after six months when a National Assistance Inspector would call for an interview, first sending a window envelope through the post with the advice: '*An Officer of the Department will call* . . . (giving the time and date.) Please be at home to receive him.'

As the mail for the house was delivered early in the morning through the letterbox in the front door, on days when I expected a letter from the National Assistance Board I, trying to preserve my secret, contrived to be first to pick up the mail. One morning I was too late. Mrs Morgan picked up the mail. I saw her glancing at the easily identifiable window envelope where some of the printing of the notice could be read through the ample window. 'It's for me,' I said, bursting into tears. 'I'm on National Assistance.' My secret was out. To my surprise, Mrs Morgan smiled sadly. 'I suppose you know my secret by now.'

'No,' I said truthfully.

'It's Ted, Mr Morgan. He's an alcoholic. He falls in the door most nights of the week when he's been drinking.'

She too burst into tears, and together we went to her small sitting room where she made a cup of tea and we sat talking with the intimacy that follows a newly shared secret. She explained that Ted didn't keep jobs for long, but he'd been good lately with two months working as a salesman and repairman at the television shop in Peckham Rye.

Later, Mrs Morgan ('I'm Joan. Call me Joan.' 'Call me Janet') showed me the small back garden where I could hang my washing. ('I wouldn't ask anyone to use it.') She also introduced me to the grey tomcat, and as I was returning upstairs she gave me a privileged glimpse into the front sitting room with its polished piano. 'Myra has a future at the piano. And I've told you about her essays, haven't I?'

'Yes.'

We did not speak again of our broken secrets. Instead we sealed them with a new formality until it might again be necessary to break them and inspect the contents and sweep away more tears in a process similar to a periodical airing and restoring of bed linen that lay too long against our skin.

And when late one evening the door bell rang and I answered it and Ted Morgan fell through the door at my feet, Joan appeared, and not acknowledging my presence, she helped Ted to his feet and guided him into the back sitting room while I returned upstairs.

I BEGAN TO write the story of my experiences in hospitals in New Zealand, recording faithfully every happening and the patients and staff I had known, but borrowing from what I had observed among the patients to build a more credibly 'mad' central character, Istina Mavet, the narrator. Also, planning a subdued rather than a sensational record, I omitted much, aiming more for credibility than a challenge to me by those who might disbelieve my record.

'And when late one evening the door bell rang and I answered it, Ted Morgan fell through the door at my feet'

The book was written quickly. I kept to the routine I began when I was living in Frank Sargeson's hut in Takapuna. I also continued the method I had adopted of buying a new school exercise book, carefully writing my name in the space provided on the cover, with the word 'Novel' in a juvenile, laborious hand beside the *Subject*, then ruling various columns to record timetable, progress, with spaces for *Excuses*, now called *Wasted Days* as I did not need to identify the known excuses to myself. I had already made, in my mind, an entire book from which I chose chapter headings to remind me of the whole. There was more enthusiasm than usual in my working: each week I had an impartial observer in Doctor Cawley to talk to and complain to and tell of my progress.

Now that I was again writing, I was sensitively aware of interruptions and each Wednesday morning when a woman came to clean the Morgan's house, I, with much complaining to myself, would take my exercise book and pen and walk or bus to Dulwich Library where I wrote, watched over by the bust of Robert Browning. My morning's work at Dulwich meant that I saved a morning's kerosene for my heater — kerosene here known as 'paraffin' and sold either as 'pink' paraffin or by a rival firm as 'blue' paraffin. One of my childish delights was to watch every second week for the 'pink paraffin man', and in discussion with shoppers at the Green or the Rye, to remain loyal to 'pink' paraffin while listening to the arguments for 'blue'.

I finished *Faces in the Water*. I showed it first to Dr Cawley whose comment was, 'It's not brilliant but it will do,' reminding me as he observed my disappointment, 'You know, I'm not a litereary chap.'

I suspected that he was being modest.

After writing *Faces in the Water* and existing through the inevitable few weeks of 'Wasted Days', I began to write *The Edge of the Alphabet*. I was now awaiting the publication of *Owls Do Cry* and I knew that I was excited. I had never known a Publication Day in New Zealand and I wasn't sure of the English routine, although since I'd been in London I had read avidly in the newspapers of theatre First Nights, Art Gallery Private Viewings, launching of books at an author's or publisher's party, with the newspapers the next day proclaiming the play 'A hit, a palpable hit'.

On Publication Day I took the bus to Westminster, bought newspapers at the Westminster Station, took them to the lavatory in the subway and began to read, as I thought, of my *publication*. I searched the book pages. I could find nothing. I think there was one newspaper with a small note at the foot of a 'continued' column, about a novel of poverty in New Zealand, *Owls Do Cry*. I don't think it gave an opinion.

I learned my lesson, satisfying to a person like myself who is always seeing 'sermons in stones'. Not every book published in London is reviewed, whereas when in New Zealand if you were a New Zealand Author your book was always reviewed. *New Zealand author writes novel*, as if you had won the Melbourne Cup or First Prize in Tatts, an event that would never happen again. Later, there were some favourable reviews of *Owls Do Cry*.

I continued with my routine of writing. If I had any practical problems Dr Cawley was always quick to help me solve them even if the solution were only a telephone call by him to the Camberwell Library to explain that I was a resident and entitled to borrow records, or recommending a dentist when I had toothache. He also

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became part of the routine of my work and when a typescript was finished he always allowed me to borrow a 'punch' from the hospital office to make holes for threading tape through the pages.

One might ask, Surely it's a waste of precious time for a psychiatrist now a Senior Registrar to bother about minor details like lending office equipment to his patient or making it possible for her to borrow records from a library? My biased answer would be that nothing is unimportant unless the person seeking help admits and believes it is so. I know that at my age then, in my early 30s, most women would have the help of a mate, husband, companion. I know also that there are no 'Most women' and not to be one, through disinclination or disability even, is not to be a personal failure: the failure lies in the expectations of others.

IN THE AFTERNOON, in winter and summer, I'd go to the local cinema and sit in the warm dark planning my next day's work and watching the one-and-sixpenny double feature, black and white films full of murders, with opening and closing of squeaking doors, and with the camera moving cautiously around apparently empty rooms until it stayed focussed on the shocking sight behind the sofa or slumped over a desk!

At half past four I'd leave the cinema, noticing as the lights came on, that many others in the audience had discovered a place to keep warm and to hide on a dreary afternoon — poor Londoners, middle-aged men alone, young women with babies who cried and cried until the audience began to murmur and the usher to shine a torch on the offender; West Indian immigrants, men and women; most were alone and, suddenly illuminated, they looked like plants set the required distance from one another in some unkempt allotment by the railway line.

Lately as I worked I began to hear bursts of loud music and Ted Morgan repaired radio and television sets he had brought home. When he discovered that I'd not seen much television he insisted on putting a set in my room and showing me how to work it, and sometimes in the evening I'd watch the programmes. Although the set was black and white, the people always appeared elongated, snowed upon and coloured maroon, yet I continued to watch, thinking that this was normal television, until the images grew darker and fainter.

'How's your telly?' Ted asked one day.

'My television?' I was shy of the familiar word, 'telly', as if it were a person I'd just met.

'Yes. How's it going?'

'The picture's very dark.'

'It's your tube,' Ted said.

That evening Ted replaced the tube and when he had finished tuning the set he seized me and kissed me. 'Just a token,' he said. 'Just a token.'

He had been drinking. He stayed away from work the next day, spending the time exploring the volume of his collection of television sets, and later in the week Joan Morgan told me he'd lost his job but he'd applied for another as a telephonist on the Continental Exchange. It would mean night work, she said. And he'd be sleeping during the day.

‹ . . .later in the week Joan. . .told me he'd lost his job but he'd applied for another..And he'd be sleeping through the day. "I know you won't mind", Joan said, "if I ask you not to type during the day." I had to say I wouldn't mind: it was their home. ›

'I know you won't mind,' Joan said, 'if I ask you not to type during the day.' I had to say I wouldn't mind: it was their home.

Then, coinciding with Harold Macmillan's election slogan, 'You've never had it so good', Grove Hill Road became noisy as one by one the residents could afford to buy televisions and record players. My room now had penetrating from three walls and from across the narrow street, the daytime endless flow of radio talk and music, all tuned to full volume, and during the evening, the sound of gunshots from war and cowboy films. The morning offered record players that could be heard from one end of Grove Hill Road to another, that is, from the Hostel for the Blind to the pub on the corner.

Panic came over me — what would I do? Where would I go? I tried to build myself a soundproofed booth, like a telephone box, in the middle of my room, draping blankets around screens, shifting the wardrobe between me, the typewriter and the Morgan's bedroom where Ted was now sleeping during the day, but it was little use: the noise from the street and the adjacent rooms increased, and Ted's sleep was still wakened by my typewriter.

I therefore, boldly, bought a record player, and when Ted Morgan had finished his daily sleep and the television and radio and record-player sounds rose to full volume, I'd add my chosen music to the din while I typed. In my struggle to get my writing done I realised the obvious fact that the only certainty about writing and trying to be a writer is that it has to be done, not dreamed of or planned and never written, or talked about (the ego eventually falls apart like a soaked sponge), but simply written: it's a dreary awful fact that writing is like any other work with the marvellous exception of the presence of the Mirror City and the constant journeys either of oneself or of the Envoy from Mirror City.

During this time, *Faces in the Water* was published and I finished writing *The Edge of the Alphabet*. Again, I bought newspapers to discover what 'they' were saying about *Faces in the Water*, and I was startled to find my photo on the book page of the Sunday papers and I was relieved that I had changed my surname as I preferred to live anonymously in Grove Hill Road.

Faces in the Water was a success with reviewers and was bought more than *Owls Do Cry*.

Reading praise of me and my writing, I could feel within myself an inflation of self-esteem similar to my feelings as a child when I won school prizes or had poems published in the newspapers, and I thought as I walked along Thames Street, Oamaru, North Otago, New Zealand, the South Pacific, the Earth, the World, the Universe, Everyone everywhere will know how clever I am!

Now as I walked along Charing Cross Road I thought to myself, I wonder if these people know it is I whose photo was in the paper today, it is my writing they were praising, my book described in headlines? I'd glance at the literary types in Charing Cross Road and I'd think, if only they knew! I know I don't dine in fancy restaurants nor am I mentioned in the *About Town* notes of the *Evening News* and the *Evening Standard* ('promising novelist seen . . . etc.'), but I'm in London, I'm here, I'm secret, and I'm in the reviews and some have compared me to Virginia Woolf!

This self-inflation lasted until, reading the inevitable adverse criticism that hurt, that seemed not to 'understand' what I had written, that seemed 'unfair', and that sometimes described me as 'a woman who had been insane', I experienced the anguish of wondering who I thought I was that I could aspire to be a writer: I, with little talent, few words. I knew I had feelings and I could see inside people without having learned about them, but these were too few qualifications: I should never have begun writing. □

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The two of her

Ian Thomson

The Wheel of Life
BEATRICE WEBB *Virago £22*

Richard Willson

'I MUST POUR my poor crooked thoughts into somebody's heart, even if it be my own', wrote Beatrice Potter. Seventy years later 'Madame Potter-Webb' (Bernard Shaw's disparaging appellation) was still keeping a diary, and ceased to document her thoughts — seldom poor or crooked as it turned out — only when she died in 1943, aged 85.

Beatric Webb was an outstanding diarist. Her journals became her 'impersonal confidante' or 'psychic partner' and she turned to them as a penitent might to a priest. In old age they helped dampen the temptation of what she quaintly termed 'V.W.L' — voluntary withdrawal from life.

The consistency, vigour and exacting precision with which she wrote the 'Book of my Life' has made Beatrice the uncontested Pepys of her time. With the publication of the fourth and final part of her diary (quite as brilliantly edited as the others) she finally emerges as the Pepys of ours. 'The history of mankind', she wrote, 'is happening as I write these words.' It was no boast.

The Wheel of Life starts with Ramsay MacDonald and the first Labour government, moves on to the General Strike of 1926 and sweeps through a trajectory which includes the formation of Oswald Mosley's New Party, the rise to power of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, the Spanish Civil War and the Battle of Britain. To which one might add the invention of the wireless and the murder of Trotsky.

The great charm and distinction of Beatrice Webb's diary is that it nonchalantly combines such momentous events with the utterly trivial or domestic. The payment of servants or the misery of painful piles coexists quite happily with the Japanese invasion of Manchuria or the Italian of Abyssinia.

Beatrice Webb was an indissoluble mixture of seeming opposites. Readers of volume two (*All The Good Things of Life*) will remember how she would often refer to a 'duplex personality'. In this volume public persona interacts with a very different private one, the ascetic Saint Theresa with the Darwinian social reformer, the Victorian prig and social snob with the pioneering Fabian who helped to found what was to become the Welfare State. The constant to and fro between such apparent contraries informs the spirit of Beatrice Webb's most fascinating entries. Her rather confused attitude to Soviet Communism is a case in point.

Beatrice and Sidney Webb's public image tended towards that of a pair of soulless statisticians with a rather humourless dedication to socialism. Sidney loved figures and Beatrice had an almost pathological dislike of anything remotely emotional. She found Keir Hardie's comment that 'socialism. . .isn't a system of economics. It is a life for the dying people' a fairly insanitary sort of sentiment. The Woolfs, who were some of the Webbs' more wary friends, were not impressed. 'In their efficiency and glibness,' wrote Virginia, 'one traces perfectly adjusted machinery; but talk by machinery does not charm or suggest: it cuts the grass of the mind close at the roots.' It is surprising, then, to find that Beatrice's attachment to the Soviet Union was for the most part emotional. At one point we see the grand old Fabian, aged 75, pirouetting wildly to the strains of the *Internationale* as it booms 'through the ether of Moscow's Red Square' on her beloved wireless. Something very unusual was at work here.

Although Beatrice was far too sceptical to acquiesce in the claims of Christianity, she always hankered after a combination of 'the scientific mind with the religious life' and such a desire was evidently satisfied by Soviet Communism. 'It is', wrote Beatrice, 'the invention of the religious order as the determining factor in the life of a great nation, which is the magnet which attracts me to Russia.' This looks bad alongside Uncle Joe's systematic liquidation of the kulaks and yet Beatrice persisted in singing the praises of Stalin's Five Year plans, seeing them as the noble application of science to human relations with a view to moral edification.

Beatrice is occasionally funny about the USSR ('singularly little spooning in the parks of Rest and Culture') but more often she is deadly earnest and pays scant attention to the trap-door disappearance of members of Stalin's Politburo. Her entry after the death of Trotsky might raise a few eyebrows: 'Our Press, including the *New Statesman*, suggests that in spite of evidence to the contrary, the murderer was an agent of Stalin!' It is the exclamation mark that somehow does it.

But with Europe crumbling all around her and the prospect of world war looming ever larger, Beatrice Webb's attraction to Stalin and the 'land of hope and glory' was perhaps understandable. It certainly appealed to her sense of self-torturing puritanism and spartan dietary habits: 'Though not requiring chastity', she wrote, 'communists *are* expected to be puritan in their personal conduct, not to waste energy, time or health on sex, food or drink, the exact opposite to the D.H. Lawrence cult of sex, which I happen to detest.' The Webbs, incidentally, were an extremely frugal pair. Their partnership was only occasionally relieved by what Beatrice called, somewhat euphemistically, 'brief intervals of human nature'.

Among the Webbs' familiar literary and academic friends are H.G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Graham Wallas and Shaw. Whereas Beatrice used mockingly to portray 'G.B.S' as a kind of Hibernian Don Juan, old age now seems to have mollified the great spunky unflincher. Beatrice's only bugbear is that the 'Socialist Chatterbox' (Churchill's name for Shaw) has become 'boresome' in his indiscriminate admiration of Hitler, Mussolini, Mosley and Stalin for what he called, of all things, their 'personality'. Worshipping just one of these supermen might have been permissible, but *all* four, well...it wasn't, according to Beatrice, exactly cricket.

Among the literary newcomers to this volume are D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley and E.M. Forster. The latter Beatrice considered a 'genius', which was more than she was prepared to concede to Woolf, finding her work amoral and *précieuse*. In this Beatrice was obdurately Victorian and it will come as no surprise that her real literary hero was George Eliot.

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The blurb claims that *The Wheel of Life* is 'one of the most moving records of old age and dying in the English language'. This is perhaps a mite extreme. Some of the entries concerning chronic colitis, renal failure and bladder trouble might make the less stalwart reader a little queasy. But in general Beatrice contemplates death with both humour ('it is time we old people blew ourselves up') and her usual phlegmatic steeliness. The final entry is almost intolerably moving.

The availability of all four volumes of Beatrice Webb's diary should now be seen as something of an historical event. *The Wheel of Life* alone is surely one of the most outstanding publications of 1985. □

FICTION

Past imperfect

John Clute

These Golden Days
JOHN BRAINE *Methuen* £8.95
A Storm from Paradise
STUART HOOD *Carcanet* £8.95
Lying in State
JULIAN RATHBONE *Heinemann* £8.95
A Soldier's Legacy
HEINRICH BOLL *Secker* £8.95

LATE NEXT MONTH, the diaries of John Braine from 1952 through March 1985 are due to be put up for auction in London. It is not surprising, therefore, to discover in **These Golden Days**, his most recent novel and perhaps his most unreservedly autobiographical, a strong valedictory note. Like the author of *Room at the Top*, Tim Harnforth is a successful writer whose first novel remains his most famous and at times he seems almost fatally at odds with the England of the 1980s.

'The oldest cliché of all: men marry their mothers,' says Harnforth at one point, and *These Golden Days* can be read as an only slightly uneasy rhapsody on that theme. If all men are Oedipus, he seems to be saying, then let us make the best of our condition. He remembers his Yorkshire upbringing, and his Irish mother, with an undisguised nostalgia for the Eden males lose when they enter early manhood. In his two failed marriages Harnforth finds himself embroiled in the frozen competitive hell of 'normal' adulthood. Only when he is nearing old age does he meet Vivien. She is blameless, sexually giving, motherly and at times a little treacly.

His second marriage having collapsed, Harnforth moves to the classy Eden of Hampstead, where he enters into a kind of cleansed second childhood with Vivien. Being very much a man, he is frequently grotesque in the demands he makes of life and seems not to understand what an old bully he sometimes is. The book is flawed mainly by what seems a complete absence of irony on the part of the author: whatever Harnforth says goes for Braine, too. We never know, for instance, what Vivien really thinks of the old bully. But it would take another novel to find out. In this one, Tim Harnforth claims to have entered an old age of earned joyous benignity. It is almost possible to believe every word he utters.

For Stuart Hood in **A Storm from Paradise**, there is no return to Eden. The past can neither be recaptured or evaded. In 1984, an old man sits down to write out his version of what might have happened to his father 75 years earlier, half a decade before his own birth. His reconstruction of the events of 1907 makes up the body of this fine, dour, wise, cynical novel.

To the bleak town of Slateford, somewhere east of Dundee, comes a new headmaster named John Scott. He is sexually impoverished — or so his son-to-be assumes in 1984 — teetotal, agnostic, stiff-necked. He is both afraid of becoming absorbed in the narrow class-ridden community of Slateford and tempted by the security his post represents. His son only knows him from later years, as a man who has suffered some devastating inner defeat. Something must have happened.

John Scott must have fallen in love and slept with the emigrée Jewish revolutionary socialist and intellectual named Elizavyeta who was temporarily resident in the town. She must have opened his eyes to the great outside. On her departure he must have refused the world, closed in on himself like a clam, then committed the grievous sin of entering knowingly into a loveless marriage. So thinks, in 1984, the son of that marriage. He cannot forgive his father. But there is nothing he actually knows. He gives Elizavyeta the face of his own lover. He fabricates documents. He longs for the past to be made whole, for that would heal him. *A Storm from Paradise* is a novel about temptation — the temptation to pretend that the past is not truly closed, that we are not for ever outside the gates of Eden. It is a chastening book, and a cunning one, for no reader of fiction could fail to believe in the remarkable Elizavyeta.

In Julian Rathbone's **Lying in State**, yet another old man tries to make sense of his life. But this novel is a thriller, and the route to redemption is suitably melodramatic. Long exiled from his native Argentina, Roberto Fairrie in 1975 is living in Madrid, haunted by memories of Juan Peron and by Franco's interminable final illness. An anti-fascist, Fairrie has spent all his money financing small socialist bookshops. He is now destitute. He seems a figure of pathos. As the novel begins, he is on the run from potential killers, perhaps because an English journalist has involved him in the authentication of some tapes apparently dictated in exile by Peron. Various factions clearly have plans for these tapes.

All this in the first pages. Fairrie starts taping his own reminiscences and through them we enter flashback country, where things get no simpler. It is soon clear that Fairrie is not the innocent he first seemed. The plot thickens several times. Franco dies. Fairrie is nearly killed a couple of times, in the process discovering a long-lost daughter. But Rathbone fails to handle their reunion with any conviction. He is best on Spain and on the muted tussling of the various agents and

In the *TLS* on October 11

EXILE
Articles and reviews by Henry Gifford, Leszek Kolakowski, S. S. Prawer

Translations from Ovid's *Tristia* by Peter Green

New poems by Joseph Brodsky

●

The art of being Victor Hugo
Howard Jacobson: Raymond Williams's 'Loyalties'
Peter Greenham on Gwen John

The Times Literary Supplement
Every week of the year. 80p.

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entrepreneurs as they vie for control. Unfortunately, the plots peters out at the point it might seem we are going to be told something.

A Soldier's Legacy may well be Heinrich Boll's first novel. Written in 1947, it was only published in 1982. The delay is not hard to understand. The text is extremely short and very oddly shaped. The bulk of the book, set in the stagnant desolation of pre-D-Day France, woundedly dwells on its narrator's torpor, resentment of the cruel lunacies of the military life and vaguely homoerotic attachment to a troubled, kindly, iconoclastic lieutenant. The end of the book moves us abruptly to the Russian Front. There are a few scenes of horror. The lieutenant is murdered by a corrupt and drunken fellow officer. This is all framed by the narrator's postwar discovery that the murderer is still alive, that he has 'the face of an average person', and that there is still something very rotten in the 'facade of German "restoration".' Perhaps it was too soon for Boll to grapple with this material in a work of art. Most of *A Soldier's Legacy* is bloated short story; the remainder is truncated novel. As a whole, it cries out to be put back in a bottom drawer. Luckily for us, Boll did not stop here. □

Michael Instone

Teaching English as a foreign language

Turning from the blackboard, or when I raised my eyes
from the so English text — John, Jane and the grammar
of their paper lives — I saw two flesh and blood hands
slip apart, only to swim back one to another when
the teacher looked away; gazing in full spate
out of the window like a dunce, coveting the sun,
or back to the book with its classroom rules and syntactical events.

Innocent of it all, their attention never wavered:
looking out from a clear new medium,
they never took their eyes off me.
Just their hands moved, floating to a rhythm
more like that of fishes' wings than prosody.
Chalk in hand, I become their undergraduate,
eager to scribble and dash in on the board
an exploding supernova of a tide of stars
or, dumb neophyte, its scratchy hieroglyphics.

Once upon a time

Steven Rose

Seven Clues to the Origin of Life: A Scientific Detective Story
A.G. CAIRNS-SMITH *Cambridge* £17.95 & £9.95

ALL LIFE ON EARTH evolved from earlier forms of life, but somewhere in the misty past, life itself must have emerged from the non-living. Yet life as we know it is the product of the interaction of a myriad of complex biochemicals, themselves apparently incapable of being produced *except* by living organisms. How to resolve the paradox, bar invoking spontaneous creation, a deity or, in the scenario offered by discoverer of the structure of DNA, Francis Crick, the 'seeding' of earth with micro-organisms from outer space?

Charles Darwin speculated that, at the drying margins of a primeval sea, a sort of chemical broth, a warm soup, might have been formed, out of which more complex chemicals could have crystallised as the forerunners of present-day cells. But today's environment, with an oxygen-rich atmosphere, would not support such chemical processes. It took that great socialist biologist J.B.S. Haldane in England and the Russian A.I. Oparin to point out that today's environment — including oxygen — was as it is precisely because life had made it so. Living creatures change the world they live in and the earth itself evolves in interaction with the life it supports.

If the primitive atmosphere had been like that of other planets — full of carbon dioxide, methane and ammonia, complex chemicals could have formed in the sea, become concentrated within little droplets and eventually discovered the art of budding off copies of themselves. Only later would photosynthesis evolve, removing carbon dioxide and filling the air with oxygen.

The Haldane-Oparin model soon received empirical support. Fire a spark, like a lightning flash, through a sealed jar of 'primitive gases' and complex biochemicals such as amino acids, the forerunners of proteins, begin to appear. Or heat up simple chemicals, as might be expected in the environment of a volcano, and 'proteinoids' are formed.

Such ideas and experiments, popular in the 1950s, have received a severe beating at the hands of Crick and other molecular biologists. Life, they insist, can begin only with the power of self-replication, by which an organism or a molecule can produce exact copies of itself. And only DNA has this peculiar self-replicating property — a molecule made of two twisted mirror-image strands which can unwind, each strand then being able to produce a further mirror-image of itself. But DNA is too complex and precision-tailored to be made by the hit-and-miss of sparks or volcanoes. It *needs* life. Only DNA can make more DNA. Impasse. Hence Crick's panspermia. And such is the short half-life of scientific fashion that Darwin's, Haldane's and Oparin's insights have been swept aside by the new molecular biology.

Graham Cairns-Smith (Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow University) has set out to retell the origin-of-life story in a way that bypasses the DNA dilemma and returns to older insights. He has done so in an immensely readable little book set as a detective story, framed by quotations from Sherlock Holmes, and a model of scientific popularisation. The main need, he argues, is to recognise that because DNA can be made only by living organisms, it must have been a late arrival on the living scene, appearing in life forms that were *already* capable of self reproduction by simpler mechanisms. *Once* DNA appeared it would have offered so powerful a method of copying that there would rapidly have been a 'genetic takeover', and organisms which did not possess the DNA mechanism would rapidly have died out.

What form could these simple self-reproducing organisms have taken? Here Cairns-Smith mounts a hobby horse he has made especially his own over many years now. Dismissing all the arguments about primitive gases, amino acids, proteinoids and so forth, he offers an alternative life chemistry, based not on carbon at all but on clay! (He rather enjoys the theological implications of clay as the life-stuff of the creation myths of many cultures, too.) Clays, made from compounds of silicon, can form crystals and crystals can, in a manner of speaking, self-reproduce. Could such crystals have formed in the early history of the earth, have incorporated within themselves many more complex chemicals, and eventually have been 'taken over' by the carbon chemistry of protein and DNA?

You may not believe all the details, but it makes a splendid story — and a much more convincing one than the molecular biologists can offer as an alternative. Cairns-Smith has argued his case before in the technical scientific literature; here he sets it out in a way from which anyone — even those whose chemistry and biology stopped at 16 — can learn. □

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Shorter reviews

Journal of a Solitude

MAY SARTON *The Women's Press* £7.95 & £3.95

May Sarton wrote *Journal of a Solitude* to help her through a time of personal grief. But her words are not neurotic finger-nails to scratch away at the wounds of failing love and encroaching age nor simply a search for layers of comfort. She uses her journal to gaze through grief at the outside world. Her description of her isolated New Hampshire house, through which light chases and seasons pass, also depicts an inner landscape. Through intense concentration on everyday things — the feel of the earth around the bulbs she is planting, flashes of memories, frost on hard earth -- she is 'cracking open the inner world again'. Depression is rarely recorded starkly, but makes itself felt in the exquisite melancholia of natural images: shadows that lengthen across bright rooms, flame-coloured cyclamen wilting, a cat howling at night, the myriad colours of summer that are swallowed by a black, blue and white winter. Loveliness is painfully consoling and poetry is hewn from a hard solitude.

Sarton continually sees her surrounding world through windows, small openings, knowing her life needs a frame: 'time unbounded is hard to handle'. The journal's frame is a year's cycle and the walls of the house where the poet sits writing. Opening on the words, 'Begin here ... the house and I resume old conversations', and closing with 'Once more the house and I are alone', it is contained in its own circle like a conversation poem, spoken into the silent spaces of the house.

Unlike many writers of journals (Anaïs Nin, for example) Sarton does not seem to be trying continually to impress her future readers. Nor does she slither into self-indulgence. *Journal of a Solitude*, in exploring the lonely, difficult pleasures of writing, is an impressive piece of controlled lyricism.

Nicci Gerrard

The Politics of Local Socialism

JOHN GYFORD *Allen & Unwin* £15 & £5.95

Over the past five years, left-wing Labour councillors have taken control of several large urban authorities, displacing the traditional old guard. These young Turks are not a homogenous bunch; they range from just left of centre to the fringes of the Labour party and beyond.

If any label holds them together, it is 'local socialism', though what that means to the Militant leadership of Liverpool council and to, say, Sheffield's David Blunkett, is very different. Broadly, local socialism envisages a wider role for local authorities than the Fabian ideal of improved service provision. Involving the people, whether through community and tenants groups or individually, is the keynote. As well as trying to improve social services, education and housing, local authorities have taken on a plethora of new activities: committees to consider race relations, women's issues, policing and gays and lesbians have emerged, along with a new emphasis on the local economy through enterprise boards and employment initiatives.

Gyford charts this process well, setting it in an international context by showing that similar initiatives have taken place abroad. Although clearly sympathetic, he avoids taking positions on the questions he raises, partly because the book is unnecessarily short (a rare comment from this reviewer). But he does put his finger on the key debate within the movement: if you set out to involve the people more in the affairs of their community, devolving power where possible, will the end result necessarily be socialist? He identifies the Labour party activist as the vital component to ensure that the answer is yes.

However, there is a flaw in that argument. The influx into the party of ex-community activists, who were the major influence in the trend to local socialism, has ended. If anything the tide has turned and many of those who joined in the past decade are disillusioned and looking for pastures new. The leadership, such as Ken Livingstone and David Blunkett, are leaving too, in the opposite direction, heading for Westminster.

With the government ready to deliver the knock-out on ratecapping after last year's softening-up and its victory over abolition, local socialism could well end up as what Gyford calls 'a brief idea' unless a new source of energy is tapped and the party leadership recognises its importance in reviving Labour's fortunes.

Christian Wolmar

Women in English Society

ed. MARY PRIOR *Methuen* £14.95 & £7.95

Feminist history concentrates so much on the last hundred years that it can come as a mild shock to discover that before the 19th century women other than Elizabeth I and Boadicea did indeed exist. This collection of essays is a welcome addition to the still not extensive works on women's earlier history.

The essays (of which there are seven) concentrate on a number of well defined areas: women's economic position; marriage and fertility; published writings and diaries; and what is for me the most interesting section, women and religious change.

Mary Prior's chapter 'Reviled and crucified marriages: the position of Tudor bishops' wives' examines the difficulties faced by women occupying a position which was only legally recognised for the short years of the reign of Edward VI. As Prior remarks: 'Fitting into or, rather, inventing the role of the bishop's wife was not easy. The continental reformers had not been bishops, but they provided the only pattern available.' These women were social pioneers and, at a time when hierarchy was considered all-important, they found themselves without a role to play. Prior quotes Elizabeth's famous words to the wife of Archbishop Fisher when thanking her for hospitality: 'Madam I may not call you; mistress I am ashamed to call you; but yet I thank you.'

Similarly outside the scope of accepted conformity were those Roman Catholic women, discussed in Marie Rowland's essay, who refused to attend Church of England Services. The Catholic resistance to the newly established church appears to have been in a large part inspired by women and this led to interesting legal difficulties, for 'while on the one hand a husband could not be held responsible for his wife's criminal acts, on the other hand society was very strongly convinced that the duty of ensuring the proper religious behaviour of the family lay with the paterfamilias'. This situation led to the embarrassing predicament of Lord Mayor Dinley, whose wife was an obstinate recusant and who was formally lectured on the disgrace of a man set to govern a city who could not even govern his own family.

Each chapter in the book contains full notes and there is an extensive list of women's published writings, 1600-1700, which I found extremely helpful. I have no hestitation in recommending the book to anyone who wishes to enlarge their knowledge of women's history beyond the conventional backstop of Mary Wollstonecraft.

Jo-Ann Goodwin

Employment effects of multinational enterprises in industrialised countries
This is an analysis of employment in MNEs by groups of countries. It assesses the importance of foreign enterprises in national economies and compares the development of employment in the MNE's home countries with expansion in other countries, including the Third World. The sectoral distribution and employment evolution of MNEs, their skill-mix and the question of 'employment and job exports' are also reviewed. Finally, employment trends are examined against the background of the international restructuring of industry.
ISBN 92-2-102741-4 £5.85

Employment effects of multinational enterprise in developing countries
An analysis of foreign investment by MNEs and the volume, trends, distribution and structures of the employment they provide in Africa, Asia and Latin America. The indirect effects on employment and the operation of such enterprises in the countries where they are established are discussed,as well as the employment provided by them in free trade zones. It also highlights government policies and technology choice by the multinationals as important inter-related determinants of the effect of those enterprises on employment.
ISBN 92-2-102864-X £5.85

The trade union situation and industrial relations in Yugoslavia
A report of an ILO mission, one of a series, which aims to create a better understanding of the situation in European countries. It examines the current policies and practices of the Yugoslav self-management system which has its goals of decentralisation and the active participation of the people in decision-making. It covers the historical background, the application of the self-management system in terms of both trade union organisation and the enterprise, income determination, public and social services and disputes settlement.
ISBN 92-2-105201-X £6.70

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His own man

Basil Davidson

Rise and Fall
MILOVAN DJILAS *Macmillan* £14.95

THIS LATEST VOLUME of Djilas's personal and political memoirs comes as usual in an American translation, and is said to have suffered some cuts in the process. If the latter is true one can see why, for the book covers ground already traversed to an extent in previous volumes, notably *Memoir of a Revolutionary* (1973), goes here and there into remotely 'local' disputes, and repeats many judgments, opinions and confessions given us before. Broadly, Djilas is concerned here with the years from 1946 down to the author's final break with Tito and the Yugoslav communist party in 1954, leading to imprisonments until the end of 1966.

Transfixed by the vividly emotive drama of his life, Djilas once again looks back with an unrelenting self-examination seldom shared either by his opponents or by those — abroad — who continue to use his writings for their own onslaughts on the legacy of Yugoslavia's liberation war. As before, he finds 'that I would have become critical of Communism even without the Soviet-Yugoslav conflict and my later rift with Tito', given the corrupting nature of power and its possession or exercise. Sometimes in closer detail than before, he takes us through the stages of his disillusionment. As a leading ideologist of the liberation war and of its revolutionary implications, he was assailed by doubt with his first experiences of late 1944 with Soviet reality, leading him to wonder 'whether action can ever really coincide with principle'.

No sooner was the war done with than 'the brotherhood of ideological revolutionary movements that I had thought so special to Communism had now melted away. Officials scrambled for villas and cars and shut themselves up in their own lives, without moral discomfort or the need for any pretext.'

Yet he remained in the top leadership and was therefore able to see much of the 'underside' of all those political events and distortions throughout Eastern Europe which came to their ugliest flower during the last years of Stalin's reign. His grimly memorable encounters with Stalin himself belong to that experience, as much else which the official histories do not tell and which, so far, no other prominent 'insider' has cared to reveal. This volume, for example, has striking vignettes of Benes, Masaryk and many others in Eastern Europe who suffered in their degree, and are drawn, as always with this author, in a style of pointed irony. 'My narrow Communist view' — he is writing here of meetings during 1946 — 'did not prevent my appreciating that Jan Masaryk was not one of those manipulators from a social democratic party who adhere to their principles in order to hold on to their followers, to realize their ambitions, and to maintain an easy life, while siding with the Communists'. Is this to make a distinction between Masaryk and, for example, Fierlinger (whom the author does not mention)? He simply adds that the question of Masaryk's suicide or murder is one 'I cannot and do not wish to speculate on. I am sure of this: he could not accept dictatorship and Soviet domination, nor could he survive them politically and remain true to himself and his father.'

By early in the 1950s, Djilas explains, he had begun to move into open dissent from the regime. His place in the 'triumvirate' — with Kardelj and Ranković — became untenable even though, as he tells us, Kardelj and Ranković shared some of his critical views. Then, steadily, what he excoriates as the 'unbridled conceit' of the regime, consolidated by Tito's demand for a total loyalty, thrust Djilas into isolation and led implacably to the persecutions which followed. If there is very little here to fuel the polemics of anti-regime exiles and other critics, since at no point does any social-democratic or monarchist alternative begin to emerge, there is much to explain the bureaucratic and other ravages from which the ideals of the liberation have suffered.

It is easy to say that this natural 'extremist' expected too much. No doubt his 'narrow Communism' as well as his stiff character obscured from him the limits of the possible in a country which had suffered so much destruction while continuing to achieve so much renewal. No doubt, again, his writings stick painfully in the gullet of those who have banned them, and a more 'tactical' response (if any such could be imagined in the circumstances) might have proved more effective. But Djilas has remained his own man in spite of the savage treatment meted out to him.

His story of that treatment is brief and free of bitterness; and yet there has been much to be bitter about. Consider only his throw-away comment at the close of long imprisonment: 'At the end of November or the beginning of December 1966, after nine cold winters' in jail, 'an electric heater was installed in my cell': and this in Sremska Mitrovica where the chill damp and freezing mist of the Vojvodina plains have no mercy when winter comes.

Anticipating a shift of theme, one awaits the next volume with unabated interest. □

POETRY

Growing up

Robert Sheppard

Writing Home
HUGO WILLIAMS *Oxford* £3.95

MUCH CURRENTLY established British poetry focuses upon the poet's own childhood and parentage. The formulas employed for dealing with this include the use of it as 'interesting material', though without much feeling (Craig Raine), and as an opportunity for regret and self-definition (Tony Harrison). Hugo Williams's *Writing Home* joins this limited crowd but rises above it. Williams has a reputation as an author of minimal narrative poems and, while his work remains terse and accessible, his voice as clipped as ever, with this volume he has successfully achieved longer poems of distinction.

One of these, 'An Actor's War', which uses his father's letters home from the last war, is the masterly dramatic monologue of a committed hedonist caught up in a war towards which he remains ambivalent; after the war, he vows, 'Never again will a red carnation be made to last/from lunchtime until the following dawn.' Even the aftermath of battle is seen as though through an after-party fug: 'there is an atmosphere/of emptying the ashtrays and counting the broken glasses'.

What makes this so attractive is that it is free of the Oedipal struggle documented in other poems, the young Hugo repeatedly trying to outwit his father's 'forty-seven suits' ('Clothes were a kind of wit'). It is also free of a mawkish tone that spoils the sometimes moving elegy 'Death of an Actor'. Reading that 'the coffin/Wobbles towards us on rollers, like a diving board' (too predictably 'my father's curtain call'), I could not help but contrast the tone with the actor's own stylish wartime riposte to the tax man (financial ineptitude is the actor's tragic flaw):

> I think when I die I should like my ashes
> blown through the keyhole of the Treasury
> in lieu of further payments.

Generalisations about death — it 'takes men on from where they were/And yet how soon/It brings them back again' — reveal a weakness in this elegy. Williams is not adept at statements on the Condition of Man — he shares something of his father's aestheticism — although he is superbly skilled at manipulating dramatic incident, whether it involves the disregard of logic in childhood perception and language ('The headhunters are in the literal sense') or the smouldering recalcitrance of adolescence ('I wanted to do nothing, urgently'). The whole book adds up to a fragmentary biography and autobiography, in which the personal and childlike impinges upon the public world of the theatre and *Who's Who*.

> I couldn't resist
> saying something tasteless
> about the Royal Air Force,
> having seen him disguised as a nun
> in 'One of Our Aircraft is Missing'.

Many readers will, doubtless, eagerly consume the anecdotal, the wealth of 'interesting material' here (which is a pity, not least because they will find the two excellent, but uncharacteristic, 'Sonny Jim' poems disappointingly irrelevant). For the author, however, the book has partly involved the foraging of an 'out of bounds' past for purposes of self-definition: in questioning his father's life, he wonders 'What manner of man I might be'.

But the poems are not merely personal, since they recognise the miracle of memory. In an apposite image, memory is presented as a childhood marble dropped through an inkwell: 'then a thirty year gap as it falls through/the dust-hole into my waiting hand.' □

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FILMS

Virgin on the ridiculous

John Coleman

Natural image or plastic pose? Myriem Roussel as Mary in Godard's account of the Nativity

Hail Mary (18)
Metro Cinema One, Rupert Street
Cop au Vin (15)
Screen on the Hill
Gulag (18)
ABCs, Shaftesbury Avenue and Fulham Road
Beyond the Walls (18)
Gate, Notting Hill
The Black Cauldron
Odeon, Leicester Square
American Warrior (18)
Cinecenta; Filmcenta

A VERY WARM welcome to the two new Metro cinemas* in the fitfully throbbing heart of London, barely a pigeon's droppings distance from Piccadilly Circus; and a public sigh that the larger of the two auditoria has chosen a Godard, *hèlas*, as openers.

Of course it may prove a commercially shrewd move, since the film in question (the word is used advisedly), **Hail Mary**, *Je Vous Salue, Marie* in French, has fluttered Catholic dovecotes no end and earned a papal thumbs down. This negative provocation apart, there is the further bonus that in certain quarters Jean-Luc Godard is seen as at the centre of a debate about exactly what form a cinema free of traditional restraints (capitalist impositions of story-formulae, audiences conditioned to linear narrative, distribution set-ups that debar experiment, in-built reluctance to be bored and even alienated in the cause of some radical re-think of one's relationship with projected sounds and images) — of what form, I repeat, such a cinema might fruitfully take. All this is a far cry from the larky New Waving of *A Bout de souffle*, Godard's first feature, where the jump-cutting insouciance of a young man had most of us feeling a liberating freshness: that *was* an eye-opener.

Since then, Godard has had more periods than Picasso and certainly as many heroic apologists. My own conviction is that he has lent himself — via an inert visual shorthand, whereby book spines stand in for the experience of reading, a handful of postcards for lived history and geography, scrawled blackboard graffiti for philosophical profundity — to a variety of jargonisers more concerned to display the subtle contours of their own preoccupations than to register an honest account of the sorry, hollow stuff before their very eyes. In these exegeses, a close-up of a cup of coffee stands in for a deep comment on the nature of nebulae. If such speculative and substantially unreadable prose is to be Godard's legacy, as one suspects it is (see the September *Monthly Film Bulletin*), I say horse-feathers and to hell with it.

Which brings those of you who are still there to the puny *Hail Mary*, reduced to even sadder proportions by his associate Anne-Marie Miéville's latched-on and introductory short feature, *The Book of Mary* (*Le Livre de Marie*), an otherwise unrelated but tolerable little movie about a Baudelaire-reading young miss whose parents decide to separate and who does a rather fetching free-form dance routine to keep her spirits up. Rebecca Hampton is pert as this Marie, if hardly pertinent to the virginal Marie (Myriem Roussel) of Godard's muddled updating of the mysterious birth of Jesus (Malachi Jara Kohan). Bach, Dvorak and John Coltrane import some musical bonus to the contemporary Swiss lakeside locations photographed by Jean-Bernard Menoud. Godard imports confusion, chopping randomly between the awkwardness of student and petrol-pump attendant Marie's pregnancy — announced by a thuggish Uncle Gabriel, a long-haired hippy with a bossy wee girl in tow — and her cab-driver boyfriend Joseph's angry incredulity, and a fellow-student Eva's affair with a married Czech lecturer. Snatches of basketball in a college gym, lots of unattached voice-over, recurrent display of the title '*En ce temps là*' and glimpses of the moon are other hazards to be surmounted and/or accommodated.

There is one terrific image — of a plane blazing its yellow lights through high, thin tree-tracery — which genuinely traps mystery (one may think of that Bressonian epiphany of a night-lit *bateau mouche*) — and is presumably the craft from which the bully Gabriel is to land, to slap poor Joseph around and talk dirty. I always felt the biblical Joseph got low billing, all things considered, and this benumbed taxi-driver is reduced to learning that love is not fumbling with Marie's breasts or whatever but laying a flat palm over her navel. In his shoes, most men would have opted for the fanciable Juliette who pops through, very available. Marie is shown unerotically nude for a puzzled obstetrician, who mutters, about women, '*il y a un mystère*', and similarly so for Joseph. She adopts *poses plastiques*, as it were, when not tearing at her sheets later on and roundly cursing God. By the time she has emitted Jesus (unseen), we have had our bellyful of 'natural' images: glittering water, sunsets, waving red poppies, an ass even as terminal cliché.

And there has been that lecturer droning on about the universe, dropping names like Bohr and Heidegger with feckless (and meaningless) eclecticism, proposing 'if there were no chance' or 'no such thing as chance' — and one doesn't feel Godard alone knows whether this cut-in, cut-price metaphysics is meant straight or ironical. Anything but meek and mild, little Jesus wanders off one day saying, 'I must be about my father's business.' Soon after, chaste mama drags on a cigarette in a car, then fences with a lipstick lewdly — will I? won't I? — before making up her red, red mouth as if she were making up her mind. After all, as she earlier complained, 'never to know sexuality':

*See Work in progress, p.42.

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maybe this equivocal Marie, blasphemer and saint during pregnancy, is — unburdened — proposing to join the human race. And there you go. I have been drawn into commenting on this film, which I largely yawned through, *after* the event: into some kind of annotation of my irritation and boredom. No wonder there's a Godard dossier of unwarrantable thickness.

Elsewhere, the best thing about the rest is the paronomastic stab, **Cop au Vin**, at translating the title of a sub-Chabrol, *Poulet au Vinaigre*, which has the French master of meals-and-murder returning to that gamey ethos, dealing in the efforts of a trio of professional men (doctor, lawyer, butcher) in a provincial town to dislodge a crippled widow (Stephane Audran, whom celluloid preserve) and her post-office son from their house: two women die and there is a very hard cop, but the centre does not hold. **Gulag**, some way after Caspar Wrede's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, chronicles the imprisonment and snowy escape of an American ex-gold-medallist and British spy (David Keith, Malcolm McDowell) from a Russian forced labour camp: some ironies save it for interest. Uri Barbash's **Beyond the Walls** sets Israeli crooks down with Arab terrorists in the same corrupt cooler, where they learn live-and-let-live against a common enemy, the warden: tough, raw, implausible.

Disney Productions' **The Black Cauldron** is only technically animated, being a tired assembly of quest-clichés featuring an oracular pig, a staunch lad and sterling princess who still walk like Frankenstein's monster (right jerks), that old sky-high evil castle and a couple of beasties, one nice-cute, one nasty-cute. Some resuscitated skeletons vanish too soon from a limp scenario. Protest: a Ninja-warfare idiocy like **American Warrior** should not be press-shown but allowed to find its own level — beneath contempt. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dim Sum Hong Kong-born Wayne Wang's appealing mosaic portrait (with visual bows to Japanese master Ozu) of Chinese family in freshly observed San Francisco: widowed mother, unmarried daughter, cheery uncle. Touching, humorous, astringent, a young director's invitation to 'only connect'.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's brilliantly faceted, sad-funny fantasy, as relevant to our depressed Eighties as its Depression Thirties. Actor in idiot movie descends from New Jersey screen briefly to woo movie-mad, downtrodden housewife, making chaos and whoopee. (Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels).

THEATRE

Gloss paint

Benedict Nightingale

Torch Song Trilogy
HARVEY FIERSTEIN *Albery*

HAVE THERE been many wiser reviews than the one Max Beerbohm wrote of Galsworthy's *Justice* back in 1910? In it, he pointed out how careful the playwright was neither to sentimentalise the young felon he showed being mentally ruined by incarceration nor to suggest that prosecutor, judge, prison governor were anything but decent people, doing their jobs.

The reason Galsworthy never took unfair advantage, and dispensed with many fair advantages, wasn't (continued Beerbohm) because he was simply a dispassionate observer. Quite the contrary. 'It is because he is filled with pity for the victims of a thing he vehemently hates, and because he is consumed with an anxiety to infect his fellow citizens with this hatred and pity, that he strives so unremittingly to be quite impartial. He knows that a suspicion of special pleading could prejudice his case.' Beerbohm was right, too, because *Justice* is perhaps the only play that has directly influenced public policy. It ended the sickening practice of automatically putting convicts into solitary confinement at the start of their sentences.

But what on earth has a mandarin Edwardian critic to do with a raunchy American play about homosexuality? For two-thirds of *Torch Song Trilogy*, not a lot. Harvey Fierstein is fully committed to the gay life, to the extent of suggesting it's more normal than the 'normal', but he recognises it can be bleak and even dangerous. It can amount to little more than a series of furtive encounters in the back rooms of bars with men you don't even see. It can mean being attacked by rednecks and, just conceivably, killed.

That actually happens in the interval between parts two and three. By this time, Arnold, the drag queen unashamedly, flamboyantly and entertainingly at the play's centre, has had an on-off affair with a bisexual called Ed, who picked him up in precisely such a bar. Then he's taken up with a young model called Alan and actually brought him along for a 'civilised' weekend with Ed and Mrs Ed at their country house. This segment of the play is the most amusing, staged as it is on a double, treble, quadruple bed that straddles the stage, involving as it does the charged sexual algebra of a difficult and confusing occasion. True, it sometimes seems the merest excuse for Arnold to display a wry bravado, indulge in shrugging repartee and generally dominate the proceedings — but then, why not? That's his character, not just the author's attempt to prise easy laughs from the audience. Besides, he's not only gay, he's gay and Jewish. It's hardly surprising that bravado, repartee, funny-glum one-liners should have become his way of sustaining poise in a slippery world.

But it's the third section, after Alan has been killed by thugs with baseball bats, that gives the evening its real interest. Increasingly, it's become apparent that Arnold's search is not for quick tricks in sweaty bars but for the most traditional of satisfactions: respect, security, a stable love. Now that search moves a key step further. Arnold, we find, is fostering an adolescent called David and proposes adopting him as his son. The love he itches to express is finally paternal or, as he'd say, maternal — and, asks Fierstein, why not? Why shouldn't a conscientious and caring drag queen make as good a parent as the straightest of straights, the most rectilinear of rectilinears?

Why not indeed? The question is clearly of great moment to Fierstein, since it's also at the core of the show he next wrote, *Cage aux Folles*. That actually ends with a young man acknowledging that his father's lover, transvestite-in-chief at a gaudy nightclub, is much more his mother than his mother herself. And Fierstein is careful to cover himself against the obvious objections, that a gay parent might unintentionally shape a child's sexual identity in ways that, society being what it is, might not be comfortable in adulthood. David is definitively, irreversibly gay. Indeed, it was to rid him of self-contempt, increase his sense of self-worth, that the social workers fostered him with Arnold. So far, so good.

But now Fierstein begins to tamper with the evidence. Listen to Ed, reassuring Arnold about David: 'You've taken a punk kid that's just spent the last three years on the street and in juvenile court and turned him into a home-loving, school-going teenager in all of six months.' And everything the boy does proves this, if anything, an understatement. The one-time battered child, rejected by his previous foster-parents, has turned into a blend of Fauntleroy and sage, an infinitely precocious marriage-guidance counsellor capable of dispensing infinitely affectionate wisdom to Arnold and Ed. It goes without saying there's a lot of wishful thinking here. You can't postulate a deeply wounded boy, then announce that even his scars have been magicked away like stains in a laundromat, and expect anyone to regard him as strong evidence for a controversial case. That's sentiment, not argument; or, if argument, a counter-productive one, because it plays into the hands of those who'd sooner reach for baseball bats, or some more sophisticated equivalent, than consider the idea of gay mums and dads.

There's the relevance of *Justice*. If Fierstein had ditched some of his slighter passages and shown the struggles and pains of Arnold's life with Ed, he might have produced a less commercial play but a more effective case-study. That sort of seriousness isn't beyond him, as witness not only his *Spookhouse*, the melodramatic but passion-packed study of family disaster he wrote after *Torch Song*, but parts of *Torch Song* itself.

On comes Arnold's mother, with her awful certainties, her emotional thuggery, her subterranean suspicion that it would have been better if her son hadn't been born, let alone become a foster-parent. This confrontation, far the most strongly felt in the play, allows Antony Sher's Arnold to do more, much more, than stylishly mug, flaunt a mildly acid wit,

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comically look goosed and adroitly do those other things earlier demanded of him. Now, with Miriam Karlin's mum maddeningly deaf to his every plea, he can move from the ruefully exasperated to the fraught, stricken and beyond; and he does so, proving himself a completer actor than his recent work had led us to suppose. But only a completer writer than Fierstein sometimes seems to be could have given him that opportunity. A pity that the smartness, the banter, the pipe-dreaming should disguise the fact. □

OPERA

But no further

Andrew Clements

A Florentine Tragedy & **The Birthday of the Infanta**
ZEMLINSKY *Covent Garden*

ALEXANDER ZEMLINSKY is one of those marginal composers who make musical history work, give it a coherence and direction, provide a convincing context in which the authentically important figures may be placed.

Born 1871, died 1942, Zemlinsky had all the right connections: he was a lifelong friend, brother-in-law and teacher of Arnold Schoenberg, an early conquest of Alma Mahler; Alban Berg admired his music enormously. He grew up in the artistic environment that spawned the modernism of the Second Viennese School, shared many of its radical inclinations but ultimately lacked its courage. His works show his willingness to follow in the wake of Schoenberg's innovations so far but no further: after reaching a style which teetered on the brink of atonality, he retrenched, returning to a late romantic language that was honestly and openly indebted to Mahler.

For almost 30 years after his death his music was largely unknown, especially in Britain. Now, however, with the general increase in interest in the also-rans of 20th-century music Zemlinsky has begun to pick up performances; a marvellous recording of the four string quartets by the LaSalle Quartet appeared two years ago and, in 1983, the Hamburg Opera brought to the Edinburgh Festival its double bill of one-act operas, *Eine florentinische Tragödie* and *Der Zwerg*, both based upon Oscar Wilde. It's that coupling which has now come to Covent Garden in English translations by Edward Downes as *A Florentine Tragedy* and (reverting to the title of Wilde's fairy tale) *The Birthday of the Infanta*, using the Hamburg production.

Certainly enterprise has been rewarded; I gather it was Colin Davis's insistence that brought the operas into the repertory and his contribution to the evening is passionately committed and insistently lyrical. It proves *The Birthday of the Infanta* to be Zemlinsky's masterpiece, worthy of a place alongside the great one-acters of the century. *A Florentine Tragedy*, though, is rather less convincing, musically and dramatically. The story is thin (the Wilde play on which it is based is now reckoned to be only a fragment) and would seem crude enough even turned over to Italian *verismo*. Given the heady post-Straussian treatment to which Zemlinsky subjects it, the result is hopelessly overblown. The music seems to flail around out of control; the plot stutters to its predictable climax. Perhaps with outstanding singers it might just pass muster, but the trio who sing it at Covent Garden seem sadly undistinguished while the production (by Adolf Dresen) is confused and quite unhelpful.

In contrast everything about *The Birthday of the Infanta* shows a composer absolutely in control of his work. Completed in 1921, five years after *Florentine Tragedy*, it demonstrates how adept Zemlinsky became at working up a convincing idiom that bears all the acceptable modernist fingerprints, a neat mixture of chromatic Strauss, early Schoenberg with a dash of Russian-period Stravinsky, and yet never attained any kind of individuality. There are many beautiful things in the piece, memorable melodies and textures, but still they add up to no tangible personality.

His response to Wilde's exquisite tale is nevertheless absolutely right and unfailingly fresh. The libretto by Georg Klaren sticks to the bare bones of the story, but omits much of the detail and grafts on to it an inappropriate *fin-de-siècle* atmosphere. When the opera was revived for the Hamburg production the producer and conductor attempted to restore some of the purity of Wilde's original and it is

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Poetry

BROTHER RESISTANCE, Rapso poet from Trinidad appears with **African Dawn,** Sat 19 Oct. 7.30pm at **Yaa Asantewa Arts Centre,** 1 Chippenham Mews, London W9. Food & Bar. Tickets £2, £2.50. 01-286 1656.

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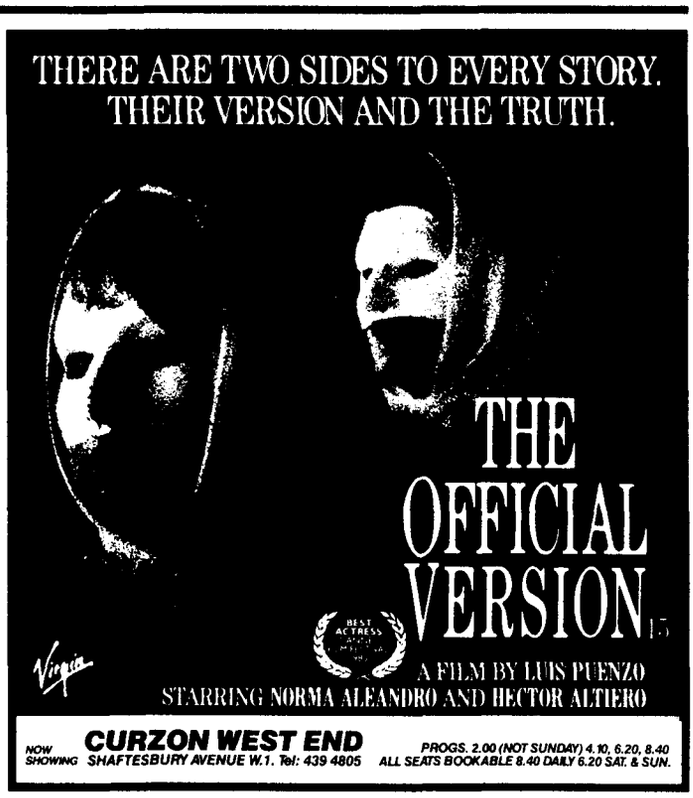
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that revision which has been translated for the Covent Garden performances, returning at fourth hand to the language in which it was originally written. Perhaps it is not surprising that the whole tone of the plot has been decisively altered and, instead of Wilde's neatly pointed moral fable in which the beautiful Infanta is revealed to have an ugly heart while the ugly Dwarf is shown to be inwardly beautiful, motives and messages are much more confused and the Infanta comes over as far too ingratiating.

Still the music packs a big emotional punch; the last third of the opera is as affecting as any opera of its period I know. It also provides an opportunity for one of the most remarkable operatic *tours de force* to be seen in any present-day opera house: Kenneth Riegel sings the cruelly demanding tenor role of the Dwarf and does so with his usual great attention to the text and emotional nuance; throughout the opera he moves around upon his knees in a specially created dwarfish costume. Riegel may not make an especially pleasant sound but he is a compelling actor. There is (in the circumstances) a far too beguiling Infanta from Celina Lindsley and an intelligent Ghita from Isobel Buchanan. The evening though belongs to Riegel; it's worth going just to see him and getting a first-rate one-act opera as a bonus. □

DANCE

Up its own tutu

Stephanie Jordan

The Royal Ballet is in danger of dying of sterility, as the new season at Sadler's Wells confirms

THE FOUR PROGRAMMES offered by SWRB would seem remarkably contemporary: of 11 works, five by newish company choreographers, two are London premieres. Nor does the company lack courage in presenting an evening of David Bintley works; few established choreographers receive that honour at the RB. But, on closer inspection, the new work comfortably fits standard ballet company procedure, so that not one eyebrow rises. I wonder how much longer we are going to see what are essentially the same choreographic language and structures being endlessly reworked, heavily diluted versions of the English school of Ashton and MacMillan. The RB is producing an inbred litter of narrow-visioned choreographers who play with craft rather than indulge imagination. Perhaps it's the price you pay for having a company with a distinct house style, living exclusively on the products of its own school and traditions.

Of these choreographers, Bintley is the most talented and superficially the most ambitious, producing works which draw on a wide variety of sources. But I fail to see with the clarity of some others that he is the one who will lead the company into a rich creative future. **Meadow of Proverbs** has been revived after six years and I would like to know why. As an early piece it certainly provides no fascinating retrospect on an original mind at work, unpolished yet full of ideas. Instead, it is a perfectly correct, finished affair. It proclaims its provenance to be Goya's etchings *Los Proverbos* but the individual dance titles bear no relation to those of the etchings, nor to their imagery: not one witch, pimp, monster, murdered priest or dismembered guerrilla. Rather, says Bintley, the dance echoes 'the sultry heat and languor of Goya's Spain'. The artificiality of the attempt to glean meaning from a suite of lightweight dances is highlighted by the choice of Milhaud's music, full of what Constant Lambert described as 'sturdy provincialism' and 'wisecracking South Americanisms'.

Flowers of the Forest is a work similarly burdened by its content and falls into two irreconcilable segments. The first is four vignettes for some lads and lassies with a whiff of the Trossacks to Malcolm Arnold's Teacher's-odoured *Scottish Dances Op. 59.* If that part depicts simple folk in the glens, the second, to Britten's weightier *Scottish Ballad*, deals with the monarchs thereof; you can tell because they wear longer kilts and there is a reference to the Battle of Flodden, still a burning issue north and south of the Border. It is the excuse for swamping the stage with plaided *jetés* and full-skirted *arabesques*. Dance and music mix poorly, Bintley emphasising the regularities rather than the varieties of the Britten. Roland Price is given some effortful virtuoso material which ill serves him and the style of the work. There is also a prissy drunk scene; only ballet gets away with such school-play humour. Give me any day Michael Clark's raucous Glaswegians in *Morag's Wedding.*

Michael Corder likes his work more miniature, more pretty than Bintley's. In his new **Wand of Youth**, though, he has attempted to beef up such predilections with a harsh dramatic statement. The mixture is uneasy. Taking some of Elgar's Suites and the *Aubade* from his *Nursery Suite*, Corder commences with a cheerful overture containing no hint of the way the ensuing piece is to develop. The period is Edwardian, the scene a country house — intimations of the conservatory, some whaleboned dances for the adults and some more enthusiastic games for the children. Storm clouds brew and the men leave for the Western Front, the Malvernian backdrop transforming into a Paul Nash blasted wood. Not only through this scene shift are we informed of the fate of the men of both generations but also from the vision of a stage-routine closely resembling that spot in *Top Hat* where Fred Astaire mows down the line of tuxedoed goofs with his lethal silver-topped cane. Worse still, Corder's Edwardian gents are potted twice. Corder feels that his pretty set of dances is inadequate (and, given the symmetrical, centrally fixated nature of his choreography, I agree) but his curiously ill-controlled intrusion of history is no answer.

A brief pleasure amid these bland multiple bills was Balanchine's **Tchaikovksy Pas de Deux**. Leanne Benjamin and Roland Price haven't the full measure of it yet, but Benjamin, with her varied dynamic response and subtle phrasing, gave an account full of promise. She has proved the outstanding dancer of the season. □

I've never been very keen on 'Leisure Pursuits'. I've never been one for lofts full of 'Leisure Gear': the knotted fishing tackle, the junked dark-room apparatus and the rusted-up aqualung.

I once went fishing when I was ten. My friend's dad took the rod off me at one point and in the 20 seconds that he had it in his hand (I think I had got up to scratch my bum) he caught a four-inch perch. That night, he ate it.

The micro-chip has soothed my photographic urges. They've now invented a camera that speaks to you: 'Take a picture of that thing over there.' You obey; you open the case; you aim. The camera speaks again: 'Over a bit, down a bit... that's nice.' It takes the picture and says, 'Who's a clever boy?' Then it winds on.

I used to have a camera that was a spare part off a Russian tank, called a 'Zenith'. For me it should have been called 'The Nadir'. The shutter was an original thinker. You'd press the button and quite often the shutter would think, 'No, not that one, I don't like his face', and you were left there pumping the dud button. I used to bark at it in Russian. You'd put it down, maddened and sweaty, and the thing would give off a sly kerchunk. It had just taken a great shot of the floor.

As for aqualunging, the nearest I've got to sub-aqua life was this summer. I had driven up a hill looking for a fascinating prehistoric lump. Instead, we saw a notice saying: 'Ministry of Defence:- Move and you're dead', plus a few left-over Dr Who sets tracking SS 20s over Shropshire. But also, just outside the range of Min. of Defence anti-tourist nerve-gas mortars, were two Shropshire Lads, aqualunging in a green puddle. They had driven up this hill, put on the gear and were walking backwards into the puddle. It's called 'going for a dive'. My youngest, Eddie (5 yrs), was keen to photo the scene. He rushed down the bank with his (my) 1954 Brownie 127 and grabbed the action: AQUALUNGER 1: (SLOWLY) 'We must be crazy, Tom.' AQUALUNGER 2: (MORE SLOWLY) 'I want to go home.' Eddie now rushed back *up* the bank to report back on events so far but the little Brownie slid *down* the bank. 'Oh no,' said Eddie, 'It's in the water.' There were tears in his eyes. 'Now for the sub-aqua heroics,' I thought. The 'search'? The 'drag'? The newspaper headline? 'BROWNIE 127 IN SUB-AQUA MERCY DASH'. No, no, no. Not necessary. Brownies float.

But 'suddenly last summer', a Leisure Pursuit happened to me. In the holiday cottage, among back copies of *South Shropshire LIFE* (articles: eg 'Luxurious Power From Ford In The New Sierra XR4i' and 'Revolution In Round Bale Silage'); among leaflets advertising the 1983 programme for Theatr Hafren, Powis (Dammit, I missed 'Shag Connors and the Carrot Crunchers' AND 'The Bulgarian State Male Choir'); among all this was a duplicated leaflet for Pony Trekking at Llwydcoed . . . 'our horses are of a very quiet and placid nature . . .' (Oh if only I could say the same for my two colts.)

I was mad enough to say to these two that we could give it a try, eh lads? For two days after that, at any time from half-past-six in the morning to nine-thirty at night, in the middle of the rain coming down like stair rods, they'd say,

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Henry Iles

Me and the seven wotsits

Michael Rosen

'How about a spot of pony-trekking now, dad?' Between stair-rods we arrived in the hills, somewhere above...er...somewhere else. A teenage girl met us. 'Young mountain Welsh lass,' I thought. In fact it was Sarah on a YTS scheme from Telford.

We were rigged up in jump-orf hats. Well, *they* were. *I* felt very workerist in my yellow plastic Colin-Welland-Gas-Board-Advert helmet. Actually, I could have *felt* like the Queen of Sheba; I *looked* a complete berk. Then they plonked us on our steeds: Romany, Major and Sparky — surely not the little chap with the magic piano??? The following hour was magic for me. My mind went into top gear fantasy-spinning: next year, the donkey-trek across Jamaica? the mule-train through Morocco? the ox-plod in India? Or even, yes even, the one-hour municipal horse-walk on Hackney Marshes?

(Incidentally, no one ever told me that this horse riding business is quite so much of a sex simulator: all that bum-jigging and crotch-rolling. I shall never think of Harvey Smith the same way again.) Anyway, it was all wonderful, though there were minor problems. My horse got bracken withdrawal. This meant that he nose-dived into bracken as often as he could, pulling me forwards on to the dangerous downward precipice of his neck. ('Pull on the reins, Mr Rosen, show him who's boss.') Oh yeah, just call me True Grit. They also warned me that my horse, Romany, likes to 'roll'. I had no idea what this meant until suddenly, there we were, atop a hill, he decided to kneel down in the mud, stretch out, yawn and, you've guessed it, 'roll'. With me on the top. 'Get your foot out of the stirrup and get off,' called out Sarah of the Telford YTS scheme. My size 12 wellies stayed jammed in. No Wells-Fargo-hold-up leap for me. So there I was, rolling with Romany in the mud. She called out to me again, 'Keep hold of the reins.' I was busy trying to keep hold of my brains.

No matter. Hadn't I established a cosmic link with the drovers, the herdsmen, the gauchos and the seven wotsits of the apopleptics? Man and beast . . . sky . . . nature . . . and . . . er . . . mud?

I will pursue this pursuit, I thought — leisurely. □

Among this week's contributors:

Steven Rose's most recent book is *Not in Our Genes* (Penguin, 1984).

Basil Davidson's many books include *Special Operations Europe* (1980).

Robert Sheppard's booklet of poems, *Returns*, will be published this month by Textures.

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Run riot

'ONE OF MY problems is that I am a bouncy person who enjoys life,' said pulp-pusher and statesperson Jeffrey Archer on **Breakfast Time** (BBC1) last Tuesday. Another of his problems is that he is straight out of *Spitting Image*, complete with self-satirising dialogue and visual BO. Jeffrey was offering his bouncy but problematical explanation of the attack he launched at the Conservative Party press conference on those poor old unemployed layabouts 'who are quite unwilling to put in a day's work in Britain today'.

Archer forgets that he is able to lead a bouncy, enjoyable life in his vulgar penthouse overlooking the Thames partly because of all the unemployed layabouts who have nothing better to do than lie about reading the illiterate jottings he laughingly refers to as his books. As soft-pornographer par excellence, and fiction-assembler by definition, Archer is ideally suited to be the new Tory Party PR-boy. Can't you just see the awful rack of gold-embossed 'bestsellers' blocking the doorway of W.H.Smith's come 1987? Will his Westminster concoction be called *Jezebel* or *Samson and Delilah*?

Nick Ross, for *Breakfast Time*, very decently asked him what his opinion was of Sara Keays's book about 'Sissy' Parkinson. But was Jeffrey equipped to judge, mentally? Personally I'd put more trust in the thoughts of Keays on Archer's eyelid-lowering *Kane and Abel*, the assistant chairman's valued contribution to the problems of unemployment and urban unrest. Pamela Stephenson, next on to the early morning sofa to plug her own travelling burlesque and magic show, was quick to satirise the unattractive author. 'It must be because I'm a bouncy person who enjoys life,' she kept telling Frank Bough with a sour plum in her mouth.

A better man to have been roped in as Tory Party warm-up man or 'teaser' would have been Malcolm 'Sex Pistol' McClaren, self-styled swindler and philosopher, who delights in revealing to everyone what trash he has been peddling them for years, as if it had escaped their notice up till that moment: 'Sometimes I wear dark glasses, concealing what I am. Then all at once I take them off and no one gives a damn' (*Me and Juliet*). Malcolm was appearing on a 'Tube Extra' called *The Great Hollywood Swindle* (C4) and for weeks beforehand had been offering the trailered *bon mot* that 'The biggest thing with sunglasses is the *power*. The bigger the sunglasses, the bigger the *power*.' This was about as accurate as the title of the show, which had led one to suppose that a mind of some kind might have been exercising itself on the Dream Factory. Wrong. It was the 'Tube Extra' that was the swindle. 'I came to this town to take it on,' swaggered McClaren. 'I thought that someone with my track record for swindling my way to the top should be able to handle it.' Was the programme itself supposed to be the fruit of this expertise?

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Or was his triumph elsewhere? I couldn't find it myself, especially not in his brush with the heavily-sealed Bryan Ferry. Sennapods needed all round, I'd say. This was the constipated man's Jonathan King Show: all headings and no paragraphs. As American as 'laxative peanut butter' and 'organic apples'.

I couldn't help bursting into laughter the other night at the idea of Alec Clifton-Taylor's soberly organised and enthralling **Five English Towns** (BBC2) appearing at peak viewing time (9.30pm) on American TV: 'Durham Cathedral, where the 12th-century vaults have remained unscathed for eight and a half centuries . . .'

To watch US TV is to have a serious prostate situation: plenty of visits but very little fulfilment. Americans usually claim that what's great about their TV is the audience participation. You must make your presence felt with that remote control thing. As far as I could see when I was there, changing channel made no difference. The shows are like that anyway. Even the News snaps itself off in mid-flash for coitus interruptus with Jane Fonda and/or Joan Collins, bossy opinionatedness run riot for a second or two before you are returned almost instantly to 'the studio' and 'lots more from Jane/Joan tomorrow, folks . . .'

The other day it was Priscilla Presley they were whisking before our eyes like a dirty postcard. Soaplet Priscilla appeared on the News nationwide to explain on behalf of her new book how she had known little about anything until she met Elvis, aged 14. In those days she had had to go along with everything Elvis said, right, 'because he was Elvis Presley, right?' 'Right!' chorused 10m viewers as NBC or ABC flicked us all back to the war in Nicaragua or somewhere. Then next day at the same time there was Priscilla revealing how she was 'much more myself nowadays' (though nothing like as much herself as Jane or Joan, naturally), a titbit that would have to last us until 'this time tomorrow'.

Like Priscilla, Sara Keays is a natural 'me' person. Why don't the Tories stop pussyfooting about with Jeffrey Archer and get her up there on the podium to read out bits of her book between the speeches? It might reverse their slide in the opinion polls, although most viewers would probably prefer to see re-runs of the Tottenham riots. I know I would. I thought it was wonderful the way the petrol bombs lit up the perspex of the riot shields like great luminous candles held aloft on some aggressive religious procession through a divided city. Did we really need to be told by the pompous sounding and talking Glasgow University Media Group on **Open Space: War and Peace News** (BBC2) that TV news is biased? They don't say! Personally I was ducking for cover like mad as those nasty paving stones whizzed out of the Broadwater Farm Estate into my law-abiding sitting room. If it hadn't been for the riot shields coming between us, well...And as for the Media Group's niggling revelations that most of the Argentine airplane wrecks exulted over during the bombing of Port Stanley were actually Harriers shot down at Goose Green, that was hair-splitting, unsportmanlike and dreadfully unfair on our bigots in the newsrooms of ITN and BBC. □

Naseem Khan

The big screen

CINEMA HAS TAKEN ON two new fronts this week — outer space and the heart of the West End. On the face of it there might seem little to connect the new IMAX film in Bradford and the new Metro in London, but both are pioneering ventures. The latter opens its doors this week but *The Dream is Alive* has already opened to much acclaim (Lord Whitelaw, Billie Whitelaw and £4,000 for the Bradford Disaster Fund) and so it deserves, for this is certainly a big film.

How big? In precise terms, the film frame is ten times the size of the normal 35mm film. The IMAX screen is 18 yards high and about 21 yards wide: equivalent to a five-storey building. Only one place in Britain — Bradford's lively Museum of Photography, Film and Television — can accommodate this giant of the cinema. Any encounter with giants is likely to be uneasy, and so it is with IMAX. You sit perched in the steeply raked auditorium — feeling like a seabird on a cliff with a gale pending — with screen as far as you can see: above, below, right and left. It is one of the most vertiginous, weird and yet impressive bits of cinema viewing you are ever likely to chance upon.

It doesn't, inevitably, have the homely feel of going to the pictures. The dwarfed audience creeps into the high, dark auditorium, hushed and cathedral-like with celestial music softly playing. It's hard not to feel nervous, to feel hopefully for a seat belt. There's no escape from this vast screen. If you don't like it, tough: you can't pretend it's not there.

The problem of all this is, of course, finding a product that lives up to its technology. In the past, certainly, IMAX appears — with the *Look at Life*-type travelogues I've seen — to have had difficulty in coming to terms with its own majesty. *The Dream is Alive* however has the advantage of an intrinsically grand scale. A record of space travel, it is probably the nearest that ordinary earth-bound people could get to the actual experience of being there.

The film is made up of footage from three separate flights, prefacing them firstly with a potted history of space travel and secondly an account of how the astronauts were trained. Inside the capsule the astronauts float about, spearing bits of meat that bob off from their dinner plates, doing sundry experiments, sleeping with their arms hovering above them as if they were floating in water. But the *pièce de resistance* is, of course, space — a vast, silent, pure cerulean — and the views of earth itself. They are, quite simply, breath-taking.

What stops *The Dream is Alive* being unbeatable is the sound track, which is utter corn. As the shuttle makes its way high over the earth, Italy's boot and eastward are clearly visible. 'It was here,' comments the sonorous American voice, 'that Leonardo first said we can fly.' On we go, 'on to Crete, site of the ancient Minoan culture'. August Proms-type music booms out. (There is a full-sized symphony orchestra hidden in the fuselage.) 'At last we can see our magnificent earth in all its splendours.' Blah-blah, yuk.

There is no such pomposity about the plans of the new Metro cinema, a bold attempt from its base beneath the Trocadero to conquer the heights of the commercial West End. Opening this week, the Metro has its roots in the world of independent film and the Other Cinema, that focus of radical film whose cinema outlet collapsed in 1978 (though its distribution service lives on and prospers).

The Metro however is not, said its press officer Ben Gibson firmly, to be Son (or Daughter) of the Other Cinema. For a start, its position, bang on Piccadilly Circus (more or less), makes it clear that what it is after is the passing trade: not cinephiles, people in search of old or forgotten Roger Cormon films or 'people in corduroy jackets who wear badges'. The Metro is pitching itself at ordinary 'people who want to go to the movies', who will initially be attracted by the searchlights playing over the Metro's stone fascia, its Thirties-style canopy and an overall effect that, Gibson insisted (in the building stages when everything looked like pipes and concrete), will be warm, accessible and inviting.

Inside, punters will find two auditoria — a middle-sized 200-seater and a smaller one half its size (as well as bar, meeting room and video facilities). The programme will be, says Gibson, 'unpredictable'. He and his colleague Tony Kirkhope intend to avoid a division whereby the larger space will deal purely with first-run films (Marianne Rosenbaum's *Peppermint Freedom*, Grete Schiller's *Before Stonewall*, Godard's *Hail Mary*) and experimental/radical/campaign work be ghettoised in the little space. Work will move between them, according to demand. Programming of sections will take place with outside lobbying groups, resulting in mini-festivals, seasons and seminars. The Other Cinema, in Gibson's view, had tended to organise on behalf of pressure groups rather than with them; this they intend to change.

There are other changes too. Finance for a start is easier; the Other Cinema was hamstrung by capital repayments. The Metro with its £272,000 GLC grant has no such problem. Weekly audiences of 1,400 to 1,500 will, reckons Gibson, keep them on even keel.

Obviously the mix is going to be found through trial and error. Who is likely to make up the Metro's audience? No one is naive enough to expect that people who can't get into *Rambo* will drop into Godard's *Hail Mary*, the pope-condemned ecclesiastical bombshell with which the Metro is opening, instead. Or, if they did, that they'd ever come back. (See John Coleman, p.37.) But, at the same time, there is a convincing argument for a cinema in the centre with an intelligent, independent policy — 'It will be a flagship for everybody who doesn't have a flagship' — and open to wider audiences than the membership-bound NFT and ICA. We wish them luck. □

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Weekend competition

No 2894 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Wanted for Hallowe'en — suitable incantations/chants/curses for 1985's witches to mutter over their cauldrons. Max. 12 lines, by 24 October.

No 2891 Set by E.O. Parrott

Soap operas as written by contemporary dramatists.

Report By Ernest Oswald fflap

In my youth — in those long vanished days when you could afford a buttonhole, a seat in the stalls, an intimate dinner with one of the performers, a cab home and still have change from a pound note — I was something of a stage-door Johnny myself. That could be why She put me on parade this week. But it's a bit of a puzzle because I don't actually get to the theatre much these days — though I have to say your entries didn't occasion me much regret about this. It all sounds so very dreary. The range of response was so narrow, in fact, the styles so lacking distinction that it did just cross my mind to wonder whether many of *you* are play-goers. Perhaps ten pounds each for the winners will help you to buy a ticket for something or other; I'd recommend a nice musical.

Pinter's Archers

Nigel ... and in conclusion I'd just like to say that Mark is a most awfully lucky chap to land a girl like Shula, so sweet and pure...

Voice Bollocks.

Phil Who said that?

Shula It came from the back.

Mark What did?

Nigel Bollocks.

Jethro How d'you mean?

Jill I heard it again.

Nigel It was me.

Mark Now look here, you Sloane slug...

Jethro Steady on, old lad.

Jill Someone always has to spoil things.

Nigel No, I mean the second time.

Phil It was over there.

Shula The first time?

Phil Yes. The potted palm.

Mark It's moving.

Nigel Tally ho!

Silence. All eyes on the potted palm.

Walter What you all looking at me for?

NOEL PETTY

Edgar's Archers

Tom Forrest It's been a busy old week in Ambridge. First, Nelson took over the Over-60s club and re-named it the spirit of '68 club...

Shula Ya, Caroline, it's super — Nelson's got a fabulous light show and loads of great records by The Doors, Crosby, Stills and Nash...

Tom Forrest But Pat Archer condemned it as ideologically unsound...

Pat For heaven's sake, the whole idea's obscene. We've got four million unemployed, rioting in the streets of Borchester — what's the point of wallowing in Sixties nostalgia?

Tom Forrest But Eddie Grundy had the last word...

Eddie Yer, well, that's where you're wrong, see. In actual fact, the Sixties was the last time we 'ad a genuinely broad-based popular revolutionary front. Radical experimentin' with alternative life styles an' all that — *you* know...

PETER NORMAN

Arden's Coronation Street

Alf Roberts (sings) Oh to be corner grocer did I aspire
But the self-serving profits were all my desire
— What bloody good do you think you are, wedged behind the check-out like a sardine in the corner of a can?

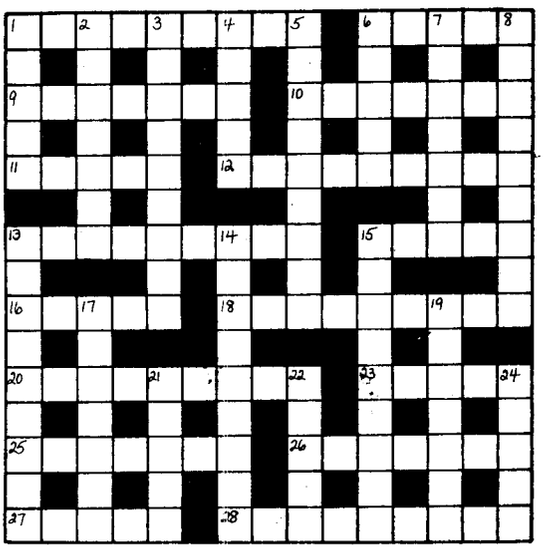
Deirdre Barlow Shut your fat gob, you big-deal stinking council-man. Or no, open wide, *wide*, so's all the bruising maggots can come crawling out wi' the red bile. Raw. I'd go, aye and now, 'cept there's frost on my fingers, and the till sticks to 'em.

Alf You and your outsize spectacles — like wing mirrors wi' the middles knocked out. Hah. There's Rita, see, Rita up the street, and *her* teeth are little pearls, and *she'd* lay me down among the Cox's Pippins — aye, and I'd not need no white coat, neither.

Deirdre Shut it, porpoise. WILL BELLENGER

Weekend Crossword 1495

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1495, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 22 October.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

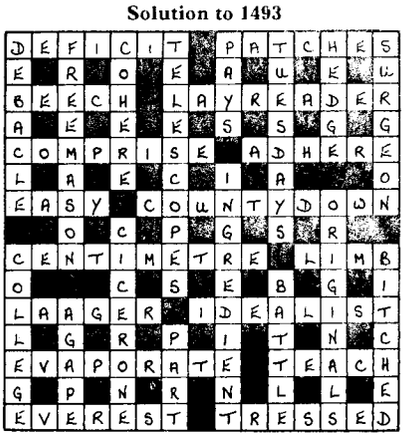
1. Everyone back north given pointless rejection by holiday resort (9)
6. Safe waters (5)
9. The inconvenience of starting to toss a coin (7)
10. Relate to giving Pinter a turn (7)
11. Where one is in and out of cover (5)
12. Observes a lot of planes going up and down (9)
13. Kind of Frenchman to embrace us without a setback to the atmosphere (9)
15. Religious figure giving thanks after food (5)
16. Island which is the reverse of mended (5)
18. Sally is holding a limb — how divine! (9)
20. Ruined manor but with the style of a king (9)
23. Drive sovereign without air being put back (5)
25. Without grassland in it the picture would be banned (7)
26. Aiming at a chess piece behind the position occupied by the bishop (7)
27. Disorderly part of the crowd you saw at the match (5)
28. Londoner who has to finish in time (9)

DOWN

1. Caught in slip of wood used to open door (5)
2. The trouble with boxing is the hero-worship (7)
3. People from the capital name ships (9)
4. Habit of custodian who has lost the war (5)
5. Journalists put to work with gold by tyrant (9)
6. Art is seen as a streak (5)
7. Material which makes it sound as if you are on fire (7)
8. Rudely enter a dig to ruin a reputation (9)
13. He motored all over the place and this measured the distance covered (9)
14. In different oases you discover a place for drying (9)
15. Up to a point an unpleasant person holds a worthless advantage (9)
17. The weapon of protracted courtesy (7)
19. English politician secured when made vacant (7)
21. Sounding like woodwind in three dynamic phrases (5)
22. Without beds the expenses would be a shilling (5)
24. Drink which is the opposite of princely (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1493



Prizewinners to 1493

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The General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU to arrive by **30 October 1985,** enclosing full C.V. including details of Education, Employment and Trade Union Experience. Applicants should give ***a day time telephone number*** for contact purposes.

Interviews for short listed candidates will take place on a date to be notified.

society
of civil & public servants

The Society of Civil & Public Servants, the trade union representing 85,000 executive grades in the Civil Service and public bodies invites applications for the post of:

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

The work involves negotiating and organising and requires an ability to speak in public. Experience in the Civil Service or public sector trade union movement is desirable.

The appointment will be to the Society's office in Edinburgh, but the Society would reserve the right to transfer the incumbent to Society Headquarters in London if the need arose.

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Applications should be sent to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil & Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** to arrive by **23 October 1985.**

Applicants should give a **daytime telephone number** for contact purposes.

Interviews for short listed candidates will be held on **30 October** or **1 November 1985** with final interviews on **Thursday 14 November 1985.**

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OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

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MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 13 Oct. 8 p.m. 'Universal Brotherhood — A Pact in Nature'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term 1985, 5.30. The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis: Mon. 21 Oct. 'The Gyroscopic Function of Unconscious Phantasy' by Professor Joseph Sandler; Mon. 28 Oct. 'The Psychodynamics of Drug Addiction' by Dr Adam Limentani; Mon 4 Nov. 'Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy: Relative Roles Reconsidered' by Professor Robert S. Wallerstein; Mon. 11 Nov. 'Incest — its Occurence and Consequences: a Psychoanalytic View' by Dr Brendan MacCarthy; Mon. 18 Nov. 'A Woman's Unconscious Use of Her Body: a Psychoanalytic Perspective' by Dr Dinora Pines. Darwin Theatre, Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required.)

PURSUITS

NINE MEN'S MORRIS SOCIETY. Membership £1 includes: board, 18 'men' and rules. From T. A. Layton, President, 7 Lancaster Court, Kingsway, Hove.

NON-TYPICAL, OUTGOING English girl. Sagittarian, young 38, seeks new friends London, (live Putney) or Reigate, 30-50, enjoys overseas travel, languages. Box (41)1653.

WANTED: FILM fans to form lively, friendly group. Regular trips to cinema. Discussions etc envisaged. Contact: John — Manchester. Box (41)1663.

AFFAIR SEEKER. Slightly greying bearded male, 34, 5' 10", platonically tied, seeks woman, 25-50, for discreet, uncomplicated, but tender, affectionate, outgoing, loving relationship. Reading/London/Oxford. Box (41)1621.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358. See also 'Agenda'.

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCEE, young 50s, petite, interests: art, music, nature conservation, self improvement — sense of humour, seeks sincere friendship with professional male. Avon area. Box (41)1665.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, divorced f. opsimath, 40s, wistfully watching from sidelines, would love invitation from ditto male, to cautiously rejoin the party. Box (41)1626.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstances, for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding areas. Box (40)1587.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man, 58, seeks warm, attractive woman, any race/circumstance, to 48 approx. London and surrounds. Box (39)1521.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL woman, fortyish, seeks university qualified man, 40-60, to share warm, caring relationship. Let's snuggle up with the New Statesman. Box (38)1477.

BARBADOS/WEST INDIES. Professional female, early 30s, seeks correspondence with educated, professional male, must have varied interests, good sense of humour, love of children and animals. Box (39)1532.

BLACK LAW graduate, 38, with an IQ of 180, seeks a witty, non-strident female who loves life — dancing, travelling and music. Sex equality guaranteed. Box (41)1641.

BRADFORD MALE, 34, socialist, self-employed, anti-sexist, sensitive. Seeks woman companion to share hills & dales, pubs, wine, books and music, etc. Box (41)1652.

BRIGHT 31 year-old, attractive lady, finds it hard to express a serious wish in these silly adverts, but still doing it to meet a single, intelligent, perceptive, receptive man (in Scotland). Box (41)1640.

BRISTOL/BATH male, 34, university researcher, enjoys jazz, cinema, politics, walking, seeks affectionate, unattached woman, approx. 25-35, to share interests and perhaps long-term relationship. Box (41)1639.

COLOURED LADY, 40s, alone, seeks kind gentleman, alone, no family ties, for friendship, anywhere. Full details, photo appreciated. Box (41)1643.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FREE THINKING, cultured, considerate, piano teacher, male, 30, seeks woman to share active, lazy, sensual life together. Lancs, anywhere. Box (41)1662.

GENTLE, SENSITIVE woman, 42, tall, reasonably attractive, general cultural interests, seeks kind, caring, liberal-minded man, 6'+, 38-50, for really honest, deep, lasting relationship. London area. Box (41)1661.

IF YOU are young, female, attractive, love life, bluebell woods, enjoy organic gardening, tennis, squash, golf, log fires, snooker, good food, wine, music, books, etc. Contact Andrew: Box (39)1514.

INTELLIGENT, MATURE, amusing male company wanted, to share delights of London by 2 females (neighbours) 32/35, wishing to avoid imminent mid-life crises. Box (41)1625.

JOHN, 42, affable, attractive and unattached, professional, about to settle in Devon, seeks friendship with lovely woman. Much-travelled with an empathy for feminist ideas and children. Will send photos and informative letter. Box (41)1664.

LIVELY, MIDDLE-AGED, professional woman in West Yorkshire, who enjoys walking, swimming, and a good social life, seeks a male companion with similar interests. Box (41)1645.

LONE SKIER (professional, m., 50s, enthusiastic for life) seeks female companion to share Winter Sports and perhaps other activity holidays. Lets meet and explore possibilities. Box (41)1650.

MALE? BORN in 1940? Read 'The Listener'? Enjoy films — 'Arsenic and Old Lace' — 'Local Hero'? I am 40, 5' 10", slim, one child of 11, and would enjoy some sociable company. Box (41)1651.

MALE, EARLY 40s, separated; tall, shy, lonely. Like to meet younger (or similar age) female for friendship/companionship. Likes walking/hiking, the arts; leftish. Box (41)1632.

MALE (37), medium height, trapped in boring, un-caring marriage, seeks female companion, possibly in similar situation, for friendship, social outings. Scarborough area. Box (41)1631.

RATHER TRIBUNE than the Times? Rather grub than a club? Rather witty, self-assured left woman (19-23)? Similar male (22), awaits your call. Box (41)1624.

RETIRED TEACHER, 52, 5' 6", SE, interests: books, music, current affairs, countryside, wishes to meet kind, affectionate lady, aged 40-60, for friendship and marriage. Box (41)1628.

TALL, DARK, handsome Australian, 35, seeks tallish, fair, intelligent, witty, politically progressive lady, to share an exciting life in Australia. She is possibly late 20s, and might smoke or drink moderately. She is looking for love, and prefers fame to riches and adventure to peace. Photo appreciated. Box 90, Woolloongabba 4102, Australia.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), 124 New Bond St, W1. 01-629 9634. Individual attention.

TALL, LIVELY widow, late 60s, sexually active, sense of humour, cultured interests, seeks tall, upper class gentleman, occasional companionship. London/Avon. Box (41)1666.

THIS MALE reaches towards you, if you're female, 45-55 (approx.), and not glued like lichen to your base. Flawed human preferred. Together we might add up to something! Box (41)1629.

VISTA. Simply a nice way for single, separated, divorced or widowed people to meet new friends/partners. Brochure: 01-272 1414.

WANTED: WARM male, 45-55, to help me relax. I want to share talking, theatre, walking, wine and fun. Kent based. Box (41)1649.

WEST COUNTRY man, divorced, solvent, 40s, 5' 9", non-smoker, alive, warm, loves music, nature, life, loves. Seeks lady 30s/40s for mutual happiness. Box (41)1630.

WOMAN, 33, trying to be a socialist, but disappointed by own and others behaviour in personal relationships, seeks evidence that male/female comradeship is possible. Box (41)1622.

WOMAN OF 50, into Beethoven and silver bangles, seeks non-sexist man. Box (41)1627.

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ARTS & GROWTH CENTRE, SPAIN. Dec.-Jan. complete 'live-in' programme for beginners & advanced. Drawing, painting, printmaking, Hatha Yoga. Includes Granada excursion. Also booking: special Brazil Course Sept. '86. Write: Rutherford, Canillas de Albaida, (Malaga), Spain.

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JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

PEKING (7 days) & via MOSCOW (3 days) £780. Out plane, back train. 2-21 Nov. Includes first class hotels & full programme.

KIEV or **MOSCOW** by train. £190. 2-12 Nov (celebrations of October revolution), 22 Dec.-1 Jan. Theatres in full blast.

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AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 12 OCT

CHINA SEMINAR: Travellers Old and New. Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queens Square, WC1. 11 a.m.-3 p.m. £3 for the day.

JUMBLE SALE Chelsea Labour Party (Redcliffe & Courtfield Branch), 2 p.m. St Luke's Hall, Ifield Road, London SW10. Tube: *Earls Court. Bargains Galore!*

LINKS EUROPA WORKSHOP: *Trade Unions confronting Multinationals.* 2.30 p.m. 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. Organisers: International Foundation Left Europe, UK Group. Tel. 05827 5399.

FRINGE MEETING

at Cheltenham Festival

MICHAEL FOOT
PAUL FOOT
& NORMAN BUCHAN

on

FREEDOM

Saturday 12 October
12.30
at Shaftesbury Hall,
Cheltenham

MON 14 OCT

WEALTH & RESPONSIBILITY lecture series at St James's Church, Piccadilly at 1.10pm. This week **Anthony Rampton**, Trustee of a charitable fund on **'Why Charity?'** Please contact Lyn Austin on 01-734 4511 for details.

TUES 15 OCT

'LOVE — NOT ONLY FOR THE YOUNG'. Couples re-married in their sixties or seventies speak from experience. 7.30 Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Adm. 75p (including refreshments at 7). Unemployed: Free. (Progressive League Woman/Man Relationship Group). See advert under 'Heartsearch'.

MANCHESTER: Microelectronics and education — what next? Spkr Richard Fothergill 4.30 p.m. ITeC 2 Southcombe Walk, Moss Side Precinct, Manchester 15. Org. New Technology Forum. 061-832 5253.

PUBLIC MEETING ON NICARAGUA. Film: **'No Pasaran'**. York House, Twickenham, 8 p.m. Admission £1 waged, 50p unwaged. Organised by Twickenham Labour Party.

WANTED

GREENPEACE (LONDON) are desperately seeking a new place where we can hold meetings, store our campaign material, and use as a postal address. We have very little income (ie want somewhere free or cheap), and need a new home before the end of October. Contact: Greenpeace (London), 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1.

WED 16 OCT

LABOUR LAND CAMPAIGN: Housing and Land Reform. GLC, County Hall, 8 p.m. Speaker Paul Balchin. Contact Sec. Kay Knights, 20 Ryland Rd, NW5. 01-267 2245.

ST JAMES'S CHURCH PICCADILLY Divided Britain: Unemployment Industrial Decline, Low Wages & Poverty on Merseyside. 1.05 pm. Eric Heffer M.P. Details 01-734 4511.

FORTHCOMING

NO MORE BHOPALS! International Conference on issues and struggles arising from the Bhopal gas disaster. Sun 3 Nov 10-5 County Hall. Speakers from India, French & American Union Carbide Trade Unionists, David Gee GMBTU, Thea Bock German Greens. Information contact: Bhopal Victims Support Committee, 50/52 King Street, Southall, Middlesex 01-843 2333.

PREPARING CASES FOR THE SOCIAL SECURITY COMMISSIONER

Monday 28 October

One day Advanced Course for those already familiar with the Social Security System, and in particular Supplementary Benefit. Designed to help those who wish to prepare appeals to the Social Security Commissioner, the course will cover time limits; right of appeal; documentation and preparation of appeal. Fee: £25.

For further details & booking form contact:

Alan Booth,
Child Poverty Action Group,
1 Macklin Street,
London WC2B 5NH.
Tel. 01-242 3225/9149

PUBLICATIONS

"CRIME AND THE COMMUNITY: TOWARDS A LABOUR PARTY POLICY ON CRIME PREVENTION AND PUBLIC SAFETY."

by

David Birley and **John Bright**

(£2)

Now available from: **Labour Campaign for Criminal Justice, 12 Cromwell Road, Alperton, Middlesex, HA0 1JS.**

Open Debate
In Support of the Charter for Jobs
THURSDAY 17 OCTOBER 6pm

WE CAN CUT UNEMPLOYMENT

Speakers for: **Prof. Richard Layard**
Prof. Maurice Peston

Speakers against: **Prof. Patrick Minford**
Roy Batchelor

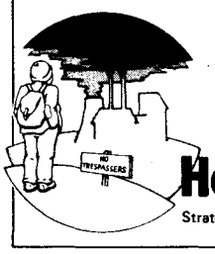
Chair: **Gillian Reynolds of *'FACE THE PRESS'***

At: **Great Hall, Kings' College, Strand, London**

£2 waged, £1 unwaged.

26-27 October 1985
Hope Valley, Derbyshire

Organised by Red Rope, the socialist rambling and climbing club, this residential conference is a major initiative in countryside campaigning, bringing together a wide range of interests and opinions from people involved in the countryside. Speakers include: *Peter Melchett, Chris Smith MP, David Rubinstein (President, Ramblers' Association) and representatives from environmental groups, National Parks, planning authorities etc.*



Rates have been kept as low as possible: Adults £26, Unemployed etc £13, Children £10. Day only rates are also available. Full details, agenda, and booking form from **A. Mitchell, 203 Cemetery Road, Sheffield S11 8FQ (0742) 587678.**

Hope Valley Conference

Strategy on Access, Conservation and Planning for the Countryside

CND

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OCT 26

London, Hyde Park

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Details: **CND, 22-24 Underwood St., London N1 7JQ. Tel: 01-250 4010**

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AGENDA: The page to advertise meetings, conferences, workshops, lectures etc.

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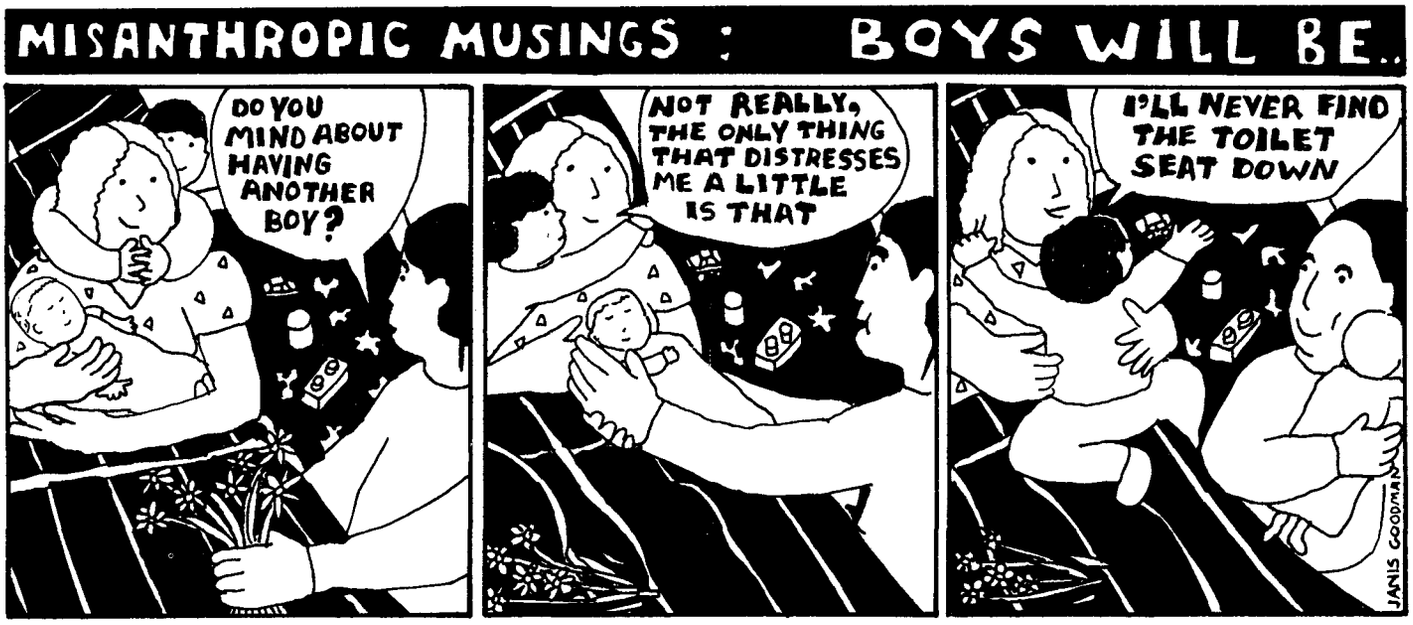

MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS : BOYS WILL BE..
DO YOU MIND ABOUT HAVING ANOTHER BOY?
NOT REALLY, THE ONLY THING THAT DISTRESSES ME A LITTLE IS THAT
I'LL NEVER FIND THE TOILET SEAT DOWN
JANIS GOODMAN

CHESS

Fair play?

THOSE following the progress of the Karpov-Kasparov match will have noticed that as often as not the games stretch over more than one session of play. The standard length of the first session in international events is five hours. If the game is still in progress the next move is written on the scoresheet, rather than played on the board, and sealed in an envelope. The players then hurry off to analyse the position with their aides.

This is cheating, isn't it? Well, it is not against the rules, indeed can hardly be stopped short of keeping the players in solitary confinement. We have grown so accustomed to players receiving assistance during the adjournment that a competitor in a major event who did not come equipped with a second for this purpose would be thought to be perversely handicapping himself.

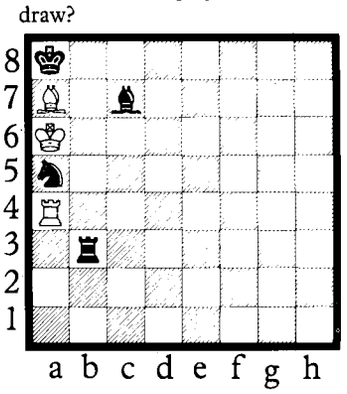
Yet there remains a widespread and understandable feeling that the practice is contrary to the spirit of the game. The latest FIDE congress responded to this view with a proposal designed to reduce the number of adjournments. The playing session is to be extended to six hours, with two time-controls to be surmounted. I doubt whether it will work. Adjourned games, although reduced in number, will not be eliminated altogether. And the cost of the reduction is high. Six hours is an awfully long time to have to continue playing, and pure stamina is likely to count for too much.

It should also be added that co-operative adjournment analysis would be missed. In team events it seems unobjectionable. For how else can a bunch of players truly function as a team? Even when its propriety is more questionable it can certainly be enjoyable — some might think more enjoyable than the actual playing session with its Trappist conventions! The silence and lack of communication that make competitive chess forbidding for the spectator also impose a strain on the players, as can readily be seen from the enthusiasm with which they enter into post mortems.

The problem of adjournment analysis and the ambivalent attitudes towards it are going to stay with us. But we might try to exploit the idea that it is really rather pleasant to introduce a degree of group co-operation into an otherwise intensely individualistic activity. Wouldn't it be nice if there were more opportunities to participate in consultation matches? Such events would surely be more attractive than any attempts to make mere spectators feel welcome. To have a GM as one of your partners must be more interesting than just watching him think.

Problem

White is threatened with **1. . .Nc6** followed by either **2. . .Nxa7** or **2. . .Nb8** mate. So how can White play and make a draw?



Solution

1. Bb6! Bxb6 2. Rc4! (Not 2. Rb4? Bc5 wins.) **Bd8** (2. . .Nxc4 stalemate) **3. Rc8 + Rb8 4. Rc7! Rb3** (4. . .Nb7 5. Rxb7 Rxb7 stalemate) **5. Rc8 +** (But not 5. Ra7+? Kb8 6. Rb7+ Kc8 wins.) **Rb8 6. Rc7** and it's either repetition or stalemate. A 1974 study by Nadareishvili.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
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Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan; **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

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QUIZ

1) For which film was Rock Hudson, who died last week, nominated for an Oscar?
2) For which film did Simone Signoret, who died last week, win an Oscar?
3) What have Sam Brittan, Judith Chalmers and Alastair Hetherington in common?
4) What have Nina Bawden, Norman St John-Stevas and Joanna Lumley in common?
5) Where did the Liberal Party hold its conference this year?
6) Where did the SDP hold its conference this year?
7) Which religious leader was recently released from a rehabilitation centre after serving 13 months of an 18-month sentence?
8) Which religious leader recently accused his assistant of stealing nearly £40 million and plotting to kill him?
9) Who is the richest man in Australia?
10) What is the biggest-selling daily newspaper in the United States?

Answers

1) *Giant*; 2) *Room at the Top*; 3) They're members of the Peacock Committee on the BBC; 4) They're judges for this year's Booker Prize; 5) Dundee; 6) Torquay; 7) Rev. Sun Myung Moon; 8) Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh; 9) Robert Holmes à Court; 10) *Wall Street Journal*

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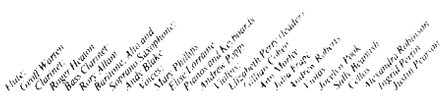
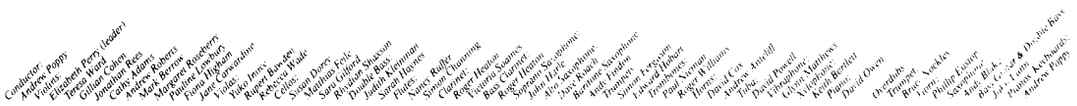
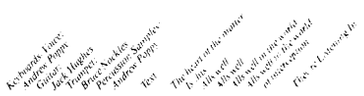


32 FRAMES FOR ORCHESTRA



LISTENING IN



CADENZA

COMPOSED, ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY ANDREW POPPY. RECORDING ENGINEER STUART BRUCE. MIX ENGINEER NICK RYAN (ALSO RECORDING ENGINEER FOR CADENZA). OVERDUB ENGINEERS STUART BRUCE, BOB KRAUSHAAR. TAPE OPERATORS RENNY HILL, STEVE REECE. PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATION AND ADMINISTRATION KAREN GOODMAN. COPYING RORY ALLAM. RECORDED ON SONY 24 TRACK DIGITAL, EXCEPT LISTENING IN – 48 TRACK ANALOGUE. WOLF – RECORDED AND MIXED AT SARM WEST. 32 FRAMES – RECORDED LIVE AT SARM WEST, OVERDUBS AT KONK/SARM EAST/COMFORTS PLACE MIXED AT COMFORTS PLACE. LISTENING IN – RECORDED AT KONK/EDEN, MIXED AT SARM EAST. CADENZA – RECORDED LIVE AND MIXED AT SARM WEST.

MCMLXXXV

LONG PLAYING RECORD, CASSETTE & COMPACT DISC.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED